

EMMA ABBOTT Illustrated News

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EMMA ABBOTT.

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TEMPERATURE.

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Nov. 2nd, 1879.				Corresponding week, 1878.			
Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	55°	37°	46°	Mon.	54°	47°	50°
Tues.	52°	44°	48°	Tues.	54°	35°	44°
Wed.	55°	43°	49°	Wed.	45°	30°	37°
Thurs.	50°	42°	46°	Thurs.	45°	37°	41°
Frid.	44°	32°	38°	Frid.	47°	39°	43°
Sat.	34°	24°	29°	Sat.	45°	31°	38°
Sun.	32°	21°	26°	Sun.	47°	37°	42°

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LETTER PRESS.—Editorial Paragraphs—The Fisheries—The Quebec Crisis—Important Political Document—A Reminiscence—"My Creoles," continued—Humorous—Hearth and Home—The Late Justice W. H. Pope—Sacred Concert—Emma Abbott—Varieties—Brelques pour Dames—The Gleaner—A Great Scotch Critic—Poetry—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, November 8, 1879.

WHAT was done with the Halifax award paid by the United States to the British government, or rather what has been done with it, is for the first time made apparent to the American public by an Ottawa correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, who says that in spite of the protests of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island the whole sum of \$4,000,000 was put into the common treasury of the Dominion, \$1,000,000 having been left in Newfoundland and \$500,000 used in the expenses of the commission. The correspondent then goes on to say:

"Newfoundland expects to do something with her million, though just what, she does not know yet. A fish commission is talked of, but it has got no further than inquiries. The Canadian money will very likely be found over the prairies beyond Manitoba in building the useless and idiotic railway to British Columbia and the Pacific. The whole affair at Halifax was a mistake—a mistake for Canada, a mistake for the States, so much so that any attempt to renew the compact will only end in disaster. For Halifax only contemplated the issue; she never struggled with it. We went there shorthanded, badly equipped, unprepared, and, very naturally, were whipped. The disgrace cannot, however, be repeated, and it will not be, for reciprocity will eventually settle what can be settled in no other way."

It need not be said that the writer is an American.

AMONG our illustrations this week which are not described under separate headings, will be found a portrait of the eminent *prima donna*, Miss EMMA ABBOTT, who opens in English Opera, at the Montreal Academy of Music, next week. We publish this portrait, not only in justice to an eminent artist, but also to demonstrate our facilities for producing special work of this kind, to which we beg to call the attention of managers and agents. We have frequently had occasion to refer to the talents of Miss ABBOTT, and we are certain that the Montreal public will flock to hear her in the many characters which she will assume during her engagement here—the operas being *Paul and Virginia*, *Carmen*, *Faust*, *Chimes of Normandy*, the *Bohemian Girl*, *Il Trovatore*, and others. We also produce a picture of the Troy Encampment, Burlington Encampment, DeWitt Clinton, Clinton and St. Elmo Commanderies of Knights Templar, and the Sherman Band and Austin's 10th Regiment Band, with the Burlington Police at the head of the Regiment, as they all

appeared lately at the grand review at Burlington, Vermont. A point of interest attending these Encampments is that they visited Montreal a couple of weeks ago, and left a pleasing remembrance among our people. The portrait of the late Mr. ANDREW WILSON, of the Montreal *Herald*, having been unavoidably delayed in transmission, will appear in our next issue. We shall then publish the portraits, with biographies, of all the members of the new Quebec Ministry, to whom unusual interest attaches on account of the constitutional battle which lately raged in Quebec.

THE QUEBEC CRISIS.

They have certainly made very short work with things at Quebec; and Mr. JOLY appears to have been singularly misled, in thinking, as he announced, that he would meet the Legislature with a majority. The least favour that he might have expected from his rating friends was information of the fact. But it is evident from the explanations that no love was lost between him and them; and, therefore, we take it that his announcement at Longueuil was only for effect. This kind of thing, however, is always a mistake.

We give elsewhere, in full, the two motions on which the crisis came. They are both remarkable productions in their way, and constitute a sort of mile mark in our Provincial politics. Mr. JOLY, in effect, declares that the Legislative Council in refusing the supplies, because it had no confidence in His Honour's Ministers, was a reason why the Legislative Assembly should grant to the Government an indemnity for expenditure. This certainly was an extreme proposal—in fact, in itself, an act of revolution. And it was not, as was pointed out by one of the members, brought down by message from the Lieutenant-Governor, while it was to all intents and purposes an application for a money grant. This was, in itself, a very gross irregularity. It was treating His Honour ROBITAILLE in the same way that His Honour LETELLIER said that Mr. DEBOUCHERVILLE had treated him.

The amendment of Mr. LYNCH was quite as remarkable in its way as Mr. JOLY's main motion, and was certainly very cautiously drawn. It declared that the House would "most solemnly vindicate all its constitutional rights." This being read in connection with the main motion was a cruel blow for the Legislative Council. It was noticeable, also, during the debate, that nobody on either side defended that Chamber, but everybody who referred to it denounced it. And it is certain that these proceedings have very much impaired its "usefulness." But this amendment went one important step further. It established in effect that the Government was too weak to command respect, and that the public interests required that it should be replaced by one which could.

It was the carrying of this motion by a majority of the House which killed Mr. JOLY's Government, and not the hostile attitude of the Legislative Council. This important distinction, which is apt to be lost sight of in the discussion, should be kept in mind.

Mr. LYNCH's amendment was carried by a majority of six, the vote being thirty-five to twenty-nine. The following named gentlemen, who were counted upon by Mr. JOLY's party, voted against his Government: Messrs. FLYNN, CHAUVEAU, FORTIN, PAQUET and RACICOT. Without at all touching upon the recriminations which are so freely bandied, it is both fair and just to state that these gentlemen voted because, as they stated, they believed that, in view of the facts of the situation, a coalition Government was the least of all the evils impending, and the best, if not the only remedy, to give the country a sufficiently strong Government to carry on the public business satisfactorily. And we have heard, on good authority from Quebec, that if Mr. JOLY, before the long adjournment, had pronounced as positively against coalition, as he did subsequently

at his meetings, he would never have been able to carry the adjournment.

It is also to be remarked that after his defeat by the defection of his own friends and one of his colleagues, he was not in the same position to ask the Lieutenant-Governor to grant him dissolution, as a protest against the usurpation of the Legislative Council, as he would have been before the long adjournment, while he had still a majority behind him. Had he then asked the Lieut.-Governor for a dissolution, His Honour, in view of the reasons he has now given, might probably have refused him. But in that event His Honour's position would have been beset with many difficulties. It is now, in comparison, ridiculously easy.

We publish in another column the correspondence between Mr. JOLY and His Honour. The paper of the latter is perhaps a little too long, and on one point it might be criticised. We refer to his statement about the motion for dissolution being simply party interest. If Mr. JOLY were to argue this out he would tell His Honour there was something further. But apart from this both Mr. JOLY and his friends will find it difficult to answer with success the cogent reasons contained in His Honour's paper.

The vote being taken and the dissolution refused, the resignation, formation of a new Ministry, and the prorogation of Parliament, followed each other in such quick succession as almost to take one's breath away. It looks as if the thing had been all cut and dried beforehand. And the Legislative Council was also remarkably quick in the interval, in voting the supplies. It looked as if the grave Councilors were very glad to get that matter off their hands.

IMPORTANT POLITICAL DOCUMENTS.

As we have always made the NEWS a repository of such information as is interesting not only for the present, but may prove useful for reference in the bound volumes, we have thought proper, in the room of other prepared matter reserved till next week, to publish the full list of the important papers on which the defeat of the JOLY Ministry turned last week. We repeat that these papers deserve not only to be read carefully by the political student, but to be preserved, and we believe that our editorial comments, in another column, may help to a proper understanding of them, especially as they are conceived in an impartial spirit.

I.

The following is Mr. JOLY's motion at the opening of the House on the 28th ult.:

First—That on the 27th August last, the Supply Bill for the financial year expiring the 30th June, 1879, was read for the third time and passed this House.

Second—That on the 28th August last, the Legislative Council, as appears by the votes and deliberations of the said Council, which report is printed and published under its authority, voted an address to his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, in which the Council declares that they believe it to be their duty to retard the adoption of the said Supply Bill until it shall have pleased His Honour to choose new constitutional advisers.

Third—That the Legislative Council, in delaying the adoption of the Supply Bill until it has pleased His Honour to choose new constitutional advisers, has infringed on the rights and prerogatives of the elective branch of the Legislature, and has usurped an authority which does not belong to it.

Fourth—That to give more effect to this protest and practically affirm its rights, this House confirms the votes of the supplies which it has already given, and engages itself to indemnify the Government for all the expenditure that it may make on account of the subsidies granted by it to Her Majesty on 27th August last.

II.

This is the text of Mr. LYNCH's amendment to Mr. JOLY's motion.

That while this House hereby most solemnly vindicates all its constitutional rights, powers, and privileges in reference to the supplies, or any other matter, it is at the same time of opinion, viewing the difficult and critical position of the country from a patriotic standpoint, and without party bias, and in order to put an end to a reign of political warfare and agitation, and the present deadlock, which is highly detrimental

to the interests of the Province, that it is the duty of all the members of this House, who have at heart the interests of the country, to unite all their efforts together to form, in lieu of the present Government, a strong and efficient administration, composed of men who in a spirit of conciliation will be capable of proposing, and causing to be accepted by the people of this Province, a moderate and comprehensive programme, calculated to meet the exigencies of the situation, of men who will be able to command the confidence of the country, and a good working majority of the peoples' representatives.

III.

Next comes the vote on Mr. LYNCH's amendment, which resulted in Mr. JOLY's downfall:—

Nays—Blais, Bouthillier, Boutin, Cameron, Dupuis, Gagnon, Irvine, Joly, Laberge, Lafontaine (Shefford), Lafontaine (Napierville), Langelier (Portneuf), Langelier (Montmorency), Larose, Lovell, Marchand, McShane, Meikle, Mercier, Molleur, Murphy, Nelson, Poirier, Prefontaine, Price, Rinfret dit Malouin, Ross, Shehyn, Watts—29.

Yeas—Audet, Beaubien, Bergevin, Caron, Champagne, Chapleau, Charlebois, Chauveau, Church, Desaulniers, Deschenes, Duckett, Duhamel, Flynn, Fortin, Gauthier, Houde, Lalonde, Lavallée, Lecavalier, Loranger, Lynch, Magnan, Mathieu, Paquet, Peltier, Picard, Racicot, Robertson, Robilliard, Sawyer, St. Cyr, Taillon, Tarte, Wurtele—35.

The motion of Mr. Joly was lost on the same division.

IV.

The following is the important correspondence between Mr. JOLY and Lieutenant-Governor ROBITAILLE on the question of dissolution:—

Quebec, 30th October, 1879.

To His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec.

SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that the Cabinet has been defeated by a majority of six votes upon a question which my colleagues and myself consider a vote of non-confidence.

The vote is the result of the unconstitutional action of the Legislative Council, and I do not consider it as expressing the opinion of the majority of the people of the Province of Quebec.

It is my duty to apply to Your Honour for a dissolution in view of an immediate appeal to the people.

I firmly believe that the result of an appeal to the people which I now ask for would be to give to this Government a much larger majority than it has hitherto possessed.

Allow me to add that in my opinion the present circumstances make it very advisable that an immediate occasion should be afforded to the electorate of the Province to pronounce on the constitutional question arising out of the action of the Legislative Council in connection with the Supplies.

I have the honor to remain,

Your very obedient servant,

(Signed,) H. G. JOLY.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Quebec, 30th October, 1879.

To the Honourable G. H. Joly, Premier of the Province of Quebec.

The Lieutenant-Governor has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the request made to him by the Executive Council of which you are the head, to dissolve the present Parliament. The Lieutenant-Governor does not overlook the embarrassment of the present situation and he understands how important it is for him to be doubly prudent and impartial in the midst of violent contentions which have divided public opinion for some time past.

The Lieutenant-Governor desires at once to call the attention of his Ministers to the difference which exists between their position and his on a question such as that which is now at stake.

It must not be forgotten that the privilege of dissolving Parliament is one of the most valued prerogatives of the sovereign, and that it is the right and the duty of the representative of the Crown to control its exercise. Now the Lieutenant-Governor and the Cabinet cannot look at the subject of this prerogative from the same point of view.

The first care of a Government under the political system which governs us is to administer the affairs of the country for the best undoubtedly, but in all cases by means of a party; while with the representative of the Crown parties count for nothing.

Although the Lieutenant-Governor is always disposed to lend the sanction of his authority to legislative or administrative acts which are evidently above all blame and which every good administration might consider useful or necessary, he is strictly bound to enquire whether the extraordinary exercise of the royal prerogatives with which he is invested is demanded by the greater good of the Province, as he is responsible towards the Crown for all political troubles and for all financial damage from which he might save the Province and from which he does not save it.

When the Lieutenant-Governor received your request, what first struck him was the fact that

since your assuming power you had already asked the Crown for a dissolution and obtained it. Two dissolutions for the same Cabinet! The extraordinary exercise of the most valued of the Royal prerogatives granted twice to the same Administration within an interval of a few months; such was the first idea which presented itself to the mind of the Lieutenant-Governor! Immediately after your entry into office, you asked the Crown to dissolve Parliament, and you had a general election. You issued from the electoral struggle with a majority, according to you, with a minority according to your opponents. But in point of fact you were enabled to govern at first with the vote of the Speaker only, and subsequently with a majority varying from four to two votes; and, in fine, you have announced to-day to the representative of the Crown that you find yourself in the House, resulting from the elections asked for by yourself, in a minority of six votes, and you claim a new dissolution.

Is it in the public interest that the Province should be subjected so frequently to general elections? Is it in accord with the spirit of the constitution that Parliament should be dissolved so often? Is the renewal at such brief intervals of the popular representation of a nature to ensure the stability and the good working of our political institutions? To all these questions the Lieutenant Governor deems it his duty to answer—No. The wise authority awarded to us by the constitution which we enjoy has decided that general elections for this Province should take place every four years, and this period is not so long that it should be still further shortened without reasons of extraordinary gravity. The Prime Minister understands the deep and prolonged agitation with which a general election plunges society at large, as well as the divisions and demoralization which follow it. Apart from these political and social considerations there are the financial considerations. A general election and the session which a dissolution at this moment would render inevitable would cost the country a hundred thousand dollars, and in the financial situation in which we are placed, this is an expenditure which deserves to be earnestly considered.

However, if there were reasons sufficiently grave and serious to transcend all other considerations, the Lieut. Governor admits that a dissolution might be had recourse to. But do similar reasons exist in the present case? A dissolution can have but one object, and that is to maintain in power certain men or certain parties. There would not be in this a sufficient compensation for the sacrifices which the country would be called upon to make. The Lieutenant-Governor is quite prepared to admit that the views of his Ministers are of the highest character and that the struggles to which they have led have been inspired by the best of motives; but when it becomes necessary to divide duties and responsibilities, each one must look upon the matter from his stand-point and perform the task which his position allots him. Under the present circumstances, one of the reasons which might be brought forward in support of an appeal to the people would be the necessity of restoring harmony between the two branches of the Legislature. But this harmony is very nearly restored, and if there exists any other method than dissolution to complete the reconciliation of the Council with the Assembly, the Lieutenant-Governor considers that it is his duty to make use of it. The question for the Lieut.-Governor to decide is not whether the Government is to become the victim of what his advisers call an irresponsible body. So long as his Ministers possessed the confidence of the popular branch of the Legislature he considered them as the representatives of the will of the people and maintained them in their position contrary to the wish expressed by the Legislative Council. But now the majority which the Government had in the Legislative Assembly has become a minority. The two branches of the Legislature agree upon one of the most important points—viz., a change of Government, and it cannot be alleged that recourse must be had to extraordinary means to terminate a conflict which is in a fair way to be terminated by ordinary means. The necessity of restoring harmony in Parliament could not, therefore, justify a dissolution after the recent vote of the Legislative Assembly, a vote which you consider as one of want of confidence. But you say you do not think this vote expresses the opinion of the people of this Province. It is, however, the vote of the House of your choice, of the House elected under your auspices, under exceptionally favourable circumstances after a dissolution asked for by you. And you would solicit the people to renew an Assembly which you yourself caused to be elected eighteen months ago. The Lieutenant-Governor, taking into account these particular circumstances, cannot understand upon what basis rests the conviction which you manifest with respect to the result of new general elections. In fine, you declare that, in your opinion, the late events require that an immediate opportunity should be afforded to the people to pronounce upon the constitutional question raised by the action of the Council in regard to the Supplies. The Lieutenant Governor sees no necessity for appealing to the people on this point. The absolute right of the Council—at least such is the impression of the Lieutenant-Governor—is contested by no one, so that there only remains to be discussed the question of opportunity. Now the representatives of the people, elected scarcely eighteen months ago, expressed their opinion upon this question before the adjournment of the House; and the

fact that since that adjournment they have voted want of confidence in the Administration, does not reverse their previous verdict on the question at issue, and is not sufficient of itself to warrant a dissolution. It appears to the Lieut.-Governor that there could be no more impolitic act than to revive by an altogether extraordinary proceeding a difficulty settled; and an appeal to the people just now could bear no other meaning.

For all these reasons, deeply penetrated with the feelings of his responsibility towards the Crown which he represents and towards the people of this Province, the Lieutenant-Governor does not deem it his duty to make the use you ask him of the royal prerogative, having for its object a dissolution of the Parliament.

THEODORE ROBITAILLE.

SACRED CONCERT AT THE WESLEY CHURCH.

It is remarkable that while diverse forms of musical literature have been sufficiently cultivated by the people of Montreal, sacred concerts, properly so-called, have not attained to that prominence which either their merits or the popular taste have entitled them to. It is therefore pleasant to note an exception in the case of the sacred concert held last Thursday in the Wesley Church (Congregational) of this city. Not only was the programme devised with an eye to the production of the choicest ecclesiastical music, but the execution was such as to give that music its highest and most effectual interpretation. The audience was large, the beautiful temple being crowded to the door, testifying to the zeal and energy of the ladies and gentlemen who had charge of the sale of tickets. The chorus consisted of forty voices, a large total for this city, and comprised the choirs of Wesley Church and St. Andrew's Church, with a few members of other city choirs. The concert opened with that venerable old chorale, the 100th Psalm, which was sung in a very impressive manner. The gem of the evening was the singing of Rossini's *Inflammatus*, the chorus part of which was sung with great care and steadiness—a difficult task to accomplish without the assistance of a conductor. The solo portion was entrusted to Mrs. Leach, and as that lady was in good voice, it only remains to add that her performance was thoroughly artistic. Miss Mary Maltby sustained her well-earned reputation by the handsome style in which she rendered "Hannah's Prayer" from the "Eli" of Sir Michael Costa. The other lady soloists were the Misses Scott, who made a deep impression by their excellent phrasing, and Mrs. McGarity, who sang with power and effect. Of the gentlemen soloists, Mr. Miller and Mr. Maltby are both so well and favourably known to Montreal audiences that we need only say they sang efficiently, both being in good voice. Mr. Reid did himself justice in his solo, as also Mr. Pennington, who is possessed of a light, but very sweet tenor voice, and we must not forget Mr. Clapham, who sings as well as he plays the trumpet, and distinguished himself in the tenor solo part of the anthem "The Lord is my Strength." Mr. Maffre, so well known and always so reliable, performed in an artistic manner two solos on the splendid organ of the church—one a fugue in G minor, and the other a prelude and fugue in E minor, both compositions of J. S. Bach. Mr. Popham, the organist of the church, delivered the overture of the Caliph of Bagdad, which was deservedly *encored*, and the grand Hallelujah Chorus, from Handel's Messiah. As was fitting, the Rev. Mr. Roy returned the thanks of the Committee to the ladies and gentlemen who assisted at the concert, after which a very pleasant hour was spent at the refreshment tables in the Lecture Hall of the church.

FRENCH POETS OF TO-DAY.

Among the younger poets of France is a notable group sometimes called Les Parnassiens. This title has arisen from the incident that they have been most of them contributors to the weekly publication, "Le Parnasse Contemporain." In this organ they set forth the doctrine of their school which was to some extent a protest against the established poetical orthodoxy of their country. They proclaimed that the subject of a poem is not everything; that emotion or utility is no irrefutable proof of beauty; that to weep or to teach are not enough to make a great poet. They sought to banish from poetry the sentimental common-places which had monopolized its fairest pages, and to restore to art its rightful sway.

They recognized the fact that pity, tenderness, love must always remain great and sublime sources of inspiration; but must ever be inadequate until expressed by means of a perfect style, rhythm and rhyme; in one word, a perfect form. First among these disciples of the new school may be ranked

LEON DIERX.

He was born at Mauritius. He has published three volumes of verses: "Poèmes et Poésies," "Lèvres Closées" and "Les Paroles du Vaincu," united in one volume under the title "Poésies" (1864—1872.) Also a comedy produced with great success, "La Rencontre." He has just put forth a new volume of poems, entitled "Les Amants." Poetry is the natural function of his mind, and verse the only possible expression of his thoughts; the base realities around him are as things he sees not, or, if he sees them, it is

from a height that renders them vague, confused, with their ugliness toned down by distance; on the other hand, all that is lovely and pure, the innocence of maidens, the serenity of heroes, the proud sadness of the vanquished, are like the atmosphere his soul breathes serenely in, a realm of inner life which has the infinite softness of moon-haunted woodlands or azure inland seas. If human eyes could look into the mysterious land of thought, there might be seen passing through the twilight vistas of this poet's mind, pairs of white-robed visions hand in hand, with low-toned speech of regret or hope made rhythmical by the strokes of some distant bell borne mellowed across the mists of a valley.

Can any one be insensible to the penetrating harmony of the "Soir d'Octobre," deliciously cadenced as the winds of autumn—a poem in which the dreams and loves of the past flit before us, vanishing and returning in persistent rhythmical rotation? Yet it must be avowed that so profound an effort to render the dreamiest side of things by wrought-out tendernesses of harmony and expression, does not escape an occasional cloudiness of idea and indecision of phrase, and if these characteristics constitute, perhaps, an additional charm in "Le Soir d'Octobre," "Les Filas," "Nuit de Juin" and "Les Remous," there are other poems in which they are less happily met with. Léon Dierx has long merited the reproach of not presenting poetic thoughts or images with sufficient incisiveness. Warned of this failing by his friends and by his own artistic consciousness, the author of "Lèvres Closées" deliberately combated his natural tendency, and to such efforts we owe a large number of pieces in which his inspiration, while losing nothing of the dreamy charm, which is its originality, gains in precision of utterance and robustness of form. There are few poems so perfectly conceived and executed as the following:—

LAZARUS.

At Jesus' voice dead Lazarus awoke;
Livid he stood a moment in the gloom;
Then, with the grave-clothes on him as a cloak,
He staggered forward from the open tomb.

Silent, alone, he walked into the town.
Crossing the common folk and common things,
In quest it seemed of some one he had known,
Silent, alone, in ceaseless wanderings.

Beneath the deadened pallor of his brow
His eyes no lightnings gave; nor, with a glance—
As though Eternity that held him now
Drew the look inward—changed his countenance.

Sombre as madness, with uncertain feet
As a weak child's, he went, or like one dazed
In an uncertain air. Along the street
Folk parted as he came and stood amazed.

For knowing nothing of the common hum
Of earthly tones whose sense could no more reach
His wrapt awe-stricken soul, he passed them dumb,
With fearful things to tell that found no speech.

Sometimes he shook with fever stretched and stirred
An eager hand as to address that throng;
But unseen fingers stayed the mystic word
Of some remote to-morrow on his tongue.

Then a great terror came on young and old
In Bethany: the horror of the eyes
Of him who wandered through their midst made cold
And stilled the stoutest hearts in drear surmise.

Ah, who shall tell this infinite unknown pain,
Rejected of the grave that keeps its dead,
Clad for the grave, sent living back again
To relive life and thine own steps retread!

O bearer with sealed lips of all the lore
Men yearn to know but shrink from over-awed,
Could'st thou be human—feel the care once more
Fret in that heart where late the death-worm gnawed!

Scarce had death's darkness given thee back to-day,
Than, passing spectral through the infuriate crowd,
Caught by no griefs or joys along the way,
Thy life in some new gloom itself enshrouded.

Thy second life leaves nothing but the track
Of those returning footsteps, and a tale
Appalling on men's lips. Did Death reach back
With stronger grip a second time, or fail?

How often, when the shadows lengthening grow,
A vast Form in the distance, wert thou seen,
With lifted arms against day's dying glow,
Calling some slow death-angel!—or between

The grass-grown hillocks of the burial ground,
Threading thy way, heavy with speechless pain,
And envy of the dead, who, dying, found
Peace in their graves and came not forth again!

This poem, in which novelty of subject is exempt from all strained singularity of treatment, every line, clear, strong and fine in quality, contributing to the impression of beauty aimed at through the whole, is not an exception in the range of Léon Dierx's work; similar originality of thought is found in "Le Rêve de la Mort"; similar clearness of expression and imagery in "Le Rendez-vous;" perhaps more of dreamy depth in "Mater Dolorosa;" and everywhere the same impressive harmony of word and rhythm.

AFTERNOONS WITH THE POETS.

Under the above title a Mr. C. D. Deshler gives to the world a volume that might with more propriety have been called "Something about Sonnets and Sonnet writers," for the book is absolutely confined to that particular style of composition. The work is supposed to be written by one who might be styled the listening participant in a dialogue, for the writer's own remarks which are at first little more than leading questions and spurs to his companion's powers of repartee, cease altogether on the last afternoon, and leave that latter personage in undisputed possession of the grassy rostrum from which he delivers a pleasant valedictory

discourse. The author and his friend the professor are enjoying the last walk of their summer vacation before returning, the former to the Stock Exchange and his financial speculations, and the latter, most probably, to his books and college lecture room.

The writer opens the way to the pleasant and interesting discourses that follow, by the random question, "What is your idea of a Sonnet?" which catches the professor somewhat unawares as he lies prone upon the turf, watching the curling smoke from his fragrant Havana. After some pleasant sprightly banter we have a short sketch of the Italian Sonnets and their authors, and the introduction into England of that form of verse by Wyatt and Surrey after which, on the succeeding afternoons, follows an account of the progress of the Sonnet down to the present day. The real value of the work consists in the number of Sonnets given as examples of the style of the Roman writers from the early period just mentioned to those who still adorn the literary and social world with their presence. Of course it has been quite impossible to do more than mention the names of many who contributed to this peculiar form of composition, much less than to give extracts from their works, but we are of opinion that the usefulness of the book would have been greatly enhanced had the citations from the older and more obscure poets been more extended, while giving fewer examples from whose works are upon every drawing-room table, and thus within easy reach of the general reader. As is it, however, the book is a very pleasing combination of conversational criticism and example that will doubtless stimulate many who have hitherto given but little attention to this branch of literature to a more lively interest in a form of poetry that will repay a closer study. Mr. Deshler deserves the hearty thanks of all unto whose hands his pleasant idle hour volume may fall. The book is from the presses of Harper Brothers, and is a beautiful specimen of the work for which that first of American houses is justly celebrated.

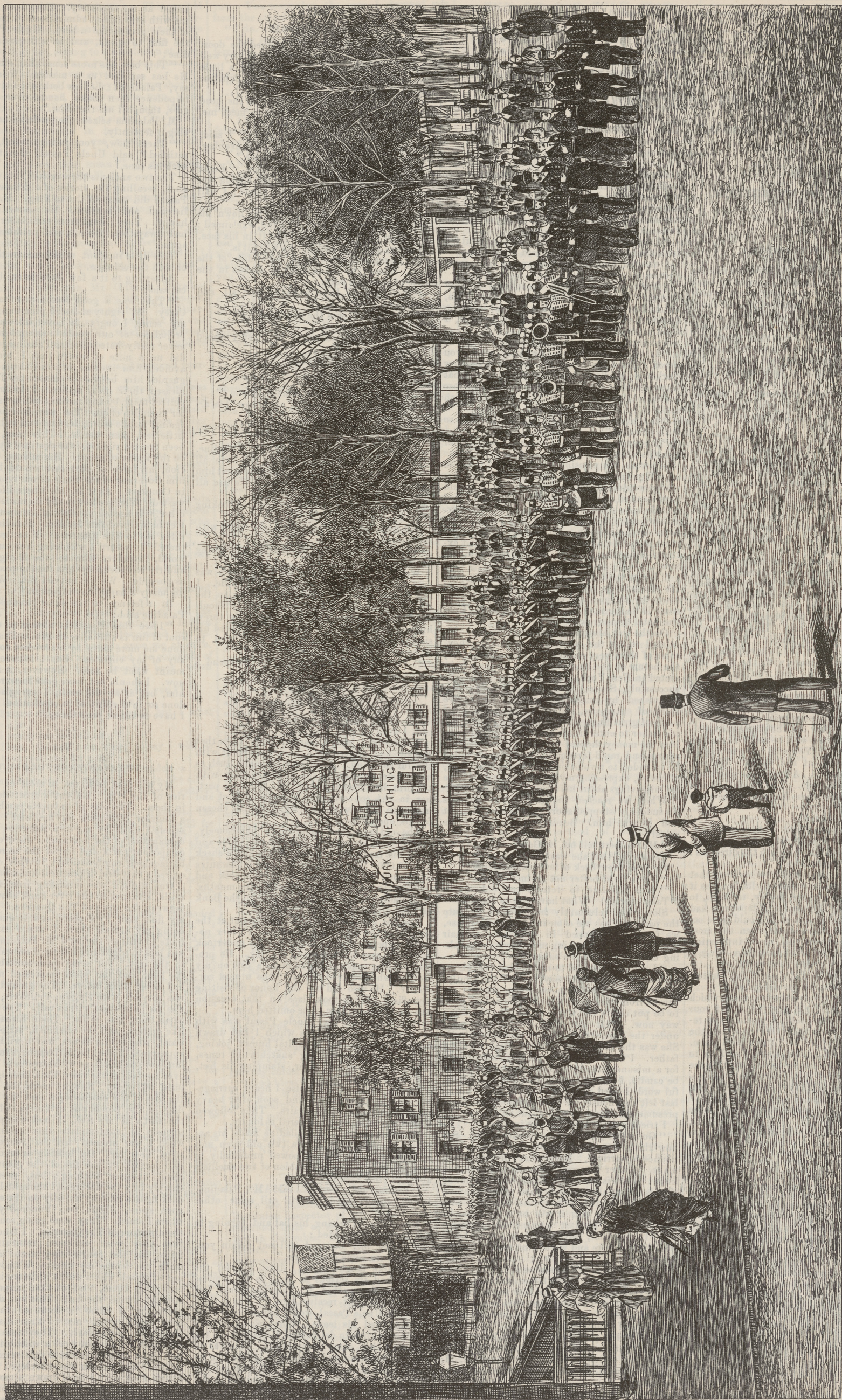
JEWISH POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

The 56th annual report for 1878 of the Berlin Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews has been lately published. There is no concealment of the fact that the visible results do not correspond with the wishes of the society. The receipts during the year amounted to only 16,731 marks (about £836), of which 11,951 marks (about £597) were the proceeds of a simultaneous collection on the Tenth Sunday after Trinity, in all the Protestant churches of the kingdom of Prussian. In the appendix, some interesting details are given respecting the distribution of the Jews all over the world. The total number of the Hebrew race to-day is about what it was in the days of King David—between six and seven millions. There are in Europe, according to the latest statistical information, about five millions; in Asia, 200,000; in Africa, over 80,000; in America, from a million to a million and a half. More than half of the European Jews (2,621,000) reside in Russia; 1,375,000 in Austria (of whom 575,000 are in the Polish Province of Galicia); 512,000 in Germany (61,000 in the Polish province of Posen); Roumania is credited with 274,000, and Turkey with 100,000. There are 70,000 in Holland, 50,000 in England, 49,000 in France, 35,000 in Italy; Spain and Portugal have between 2,000 and 4,000; 1,800 in Sweden, 25 in Norway. Nothing is said about Denmark or Switzerland. The number of Jewish residents in Berlin is given at 45,000 nearly as many as in the whole of France, and more than in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the Scandinavian peninsula altogether. The majority of the African Jews live in the Province of Algiers. But they are to be found in Abyssinia, and all along the north coast, and even in the Saharan oases, frequently acting as intermediaries between the Mahometans and Christians. Of the Asiatic Jews, 20,000 are assigned to India, and 25,000 to Palestine. The population of Jerusalem is given at 7,000 Mahometans, 5,000 Christians, and 13,500 Jews; these last are classified as German, Spanish, or Arabic Jews. The report gives no details concerning America, except that in New York there are 30 synagogues.

A GENERAL EVIL.—It seems to be the common idea nowadays, when young girls have been "finished" at some high-class educational establishment, that they are then prepared to meet all the ups and downs of their future life. Their books are laid aside, their accomplishments neglected, and, sinking into mental apathy, they either engage in a round of unmeaning social observances, or perhaps, deprived of congenial society and not knowing how to employ the resources at their command, they become so utterly discontented that they are ready to resort to any desperate enterprise with hopes of relief. In fact, it is one of the common evils of to-day to forget that, when school-life is over, "the weal or woe of a generation to come" has commenced. This responsibility is seen in a girl's own hands, and it requires a large amount of practical knowledge, not picked up in the school-room, to fulfil the duties of life at this period. If girls become wives or mothers, this practical knowledge is necessary; if they remain single, they will be able, with its help, to contribute their mite to the sum of human knowledge; and, finally, if they let whatever their hands find to be done, discontent or ennui will never be their mental guests.



QUEBEC.—SCRAPS FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF OUR ARTIST.



GRAND REVIEW OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS AT BURLINGTON, VT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURNHAM.

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MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

By JOHN LESPERANCE.

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

Book VI.

REPARATION AND ABNEGATION.

I.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A DELAY.

At the conclusion of the stipulated two months I was ready for Uncle Pascal. I closed my book with a slam, put up my papers, threw myself back in my easy chair and uttered a loud shout of triumph. Then with a sharp look at the ceiling, and to make sure of it for the last time, I asked myself whether I was thoroughly prepared to undertake the great task destined for me. The answer was prompt and decisive.

"Yes, and I am going at once to tell Uncle Pascal so."

The old man dearly loved pluck. It was the quality which had made him what he was and still kept alive in him the fiery spirit of youth. He received me grandly.

"And are you really ready, my boy?" he asked, standing up and straightening his little figure briskly. "I wish I knew enough to examine you myself. I have a notion to bring you up before a board of inquisitors. But no. I take your word for it, Carey. I see it in your eye. All is well. You will have the place and will make your way."

"The time is up, Uncle Pascal; I stand before you in heavy marching order. When do we start?"

"Ah! not so quick, young man. Soldiers must insure themselves to disppointment. I had given you two months; I now give you at least two months more before taking the field. The winter has been against us. It will be impossible to commence out-door operations before the frost gets out of the ground. Hence, you will remain in camp a while longer. You are not displeased, Carey? No, if I believe certain rumours. Two months more with the girls, eh? That is a consideration. But you will not remain idle. On the contrary, there is plenty of work to be done. All our machinery has to be constructed, ready to be set up in early spring. Here your new knowledge will come in. We shall want you to draw out the plans and specifications. The engines will be made according to your directions. You will have to inspect their gradual growth at the works. We rely upon you implicitly. A great responsibility rests upon your shoulders. You vouch for yourself to me. I will vouch for you to the company."

"When do we begin?"

"At once. I have been waiting for you. There were shoals of applicants for your position, but I put them off. I said to the directors: 'Let us wait for Archimedes!'"

The gay old man was right in guessing that I had no objection to the delay. Rather was it a godsend to us all—to me, to Ory, to Mimi, to M. Paladine. My approaching departure had cast a gloom at The Quarries. It would have occurred precisely at the moment when the most important, and perhaps the most interesting events were about to take place there—events in which I was more or less concerned.

When I informed M. Paladine of the counter-orders I had received, he was delighted.

"Ah!" said he, "that is the best thing which has happened to me for a long time. If your future had not been at stake, I would have retained you at all hazards. But now that the change comes of itself, I hail it as a good omen. Bonair is returning. I will want you here to meet him. Early in spring he will start for the Mountains. Between his coming and his going serious matters will have to be settled. For these, Carey, we shall need your assistance."

Then the old gentleman, assuming a more solemn manner, added:

"Remember, Nain's six months have expired."

II.

THE WORM OF CONSCIENCE.

I was sitting one evening in my office, with rule and compass in hand, when some one rapped softly at the door and entered without waiting for an answer. The room, beyond the narrow circle of light at my desk, being filled with gloom, I could not distinguish who he was.

"Mr. Gilbert, excuse me for thus stealing on you," said he in a hoarse tone.

I recognized the voice of Bonair Paladine. I arose and gave him my hand.

"No excuse, M. Paladine. I am glad to see you. When did you arrive?"

"Just this moment. Only took time to inquire where I might find you, and came down directly. How are they at The Quarries?"

"All well and anxiously expecting you."

"And father?"

"As I wrote to you, animated by the best dispositions."

Bonair seeming disposed to linger a moment, I offered him a chair and resumed my seat. He was neatly dressed, bore no marks of travel, looked smart and in good health. The only circumstance I noticed was that he appeared nervous and preoccupied.

"I must beg your pardon for the liberty I took about that letter," he said after a time.

I assured him the matter was of no consequence.

"Your reply was very consoling," he continued. "It determined my return. Here I am, but before proceeding further, I must ask you another service. Indeed, unless you grant it, I don't know how I will act."

I at once inquired what he demanded.

"It may look foolish, sir, after what you wrote. But I can't help it. I came from New York here, boldly and confidently. But now that I am almost at the gates of The Quarries, I lose heart and dare not go on. Will you come with me?"

"Is that all?" I said, smiling. "I will do so with pleasure."

"I see you are busy; I can wait and gather my wits a little."

My work was pressing, but I did not tell him so. Figuring to myself the delight which his return would occasion at The Quarries, I should have deemed myself guilty of selfishness if I had retarded it a moment longer than was necessary. I therefore told Bonair that I was ready to depart on the instant. So, hastily putting my room to rights, slipping on my overcoat and extinguishing the lamp, I led the way into the street.

"Let us walk it," said my companion, "if it's the same to you. I prefer that, as it will warm my sluggish and cowardly blood. I have some little luggage, but it will be sent out from the hotel to-morrow."

On the way his spirits rose considerably. He related to me the adventures of his journey, some of them very comical. He explained, too, the nature of the business which he had transacted in New York. He had there been very successful. Several of his arrangements, distinguished by uncommon sagacity and a rare spirit of enterprise, seemed to open out prospects of great financial success. If he could get his father to enter into his plans and advance him the money, he had no doubt about making a large and rapid fortune in the fur trade which he intended to revolutionize. I encouraged him, of course, expressing my belief that he need have no misgivings about his father's good will.

When we reached the gate of The Quarries he suddenly stopped short, as if a new thought had struck him. Bending to my ear, he asked:

"Mr. Gilbert tell me, is Gaisso at home?"

I answered that she was.

He then drew back a few paces, saying:

"Then I had better not go in."

"It is too late to retreat now," I urged.

"Take courage. What have you to fear?"

Slowly and reluctantly he followed me into the park. When we came in sight of the house, we found it wrapped in darkness. Bonair hesitated again. Plucking my sleeve and speaking close to my ear, he said:

"I am not expected to-night, that is evident. My sudden appearance may disturb the family. It did so terribly six months ago, when I returned from the mountains. Gaisso had then to be put out of the way. It may be the same way now. That girl and I must not meet under the same roof. So it seems ordained. She was the cause of my last outbreak with my father. I wish not to give the slightest pretext for a misunderstanding now. And, further, to be candid, I cannot face the girl after the fightful words I used about her on the day when I last left this house. I need say no more, for I presume that you know all about it."

I tried to draw him on, but in vain.

"Go in first, as on an ordinary visit. See how things stand. Mention my name. Announce my arrival. Mark what effect that will make. Father is very impressionable, as you know. If he is not taken aback with the news; if he is not at all troubled, then please summon me in. If, on the contrary, he is in any way disturbed or put out, it will be a sign that he has not taken his last precautions to receive me. In that case, leave me where I am. I will wait for you here and we will return to the city together."

"Sir," said I, with assurance, "Take one thing for granted. Your father and sister have been expecting you for the last fortnight. If Gaisso is still at The Quarries, it is because she is wanted there, and that your father has no intention of removing her."

I spoke thus positively because I knew that, in consideration of Bonair's threats and of the danger to which she had been exposed, M. Paladine would not let Gaisso out of his sight any more.

As, however, Bonair, still unpersuaded, insisted on my going in alone, I did so.

III.

I PREPARE THE WAY.

It was Gaisso herself who opened the door. She was dressed in full toilet, looking very well indeed. I excused myself on being a little late, and asked whether I could see M. Paladine and his daughter.

Ory, who was probably listening at the head of the stairs, came down in haste to meet me. She appeared somewhat surprised.

"From what I told you last night," I said, merrily, "you did not expect me this evening. But I have changed my mind, you see."

"Oh, it is not so late," she replied. "Eight has only just struck. We were all sitting up. Papa is reading in his study. Come; I will lead you to him."

As I entered, the old man, laying down his book and stretching forth his hand, exclaimed: "Carey has news for us—I see it in his face. Sit down, my boy, and tell us what it is."

Ory remained standing in the middle of the room. I saw the black dress of Gaisso in the angle of the open door.

"Well, yes. I have news for you all, and good news, too."

"What is it?" was the unanimous cry.

"Bonair has arrived."

Ory gave a little scream of joy, feebly echoed by Gaisso.

M. Paladine asked eagerly:

"How is he?"

"Perfectly well."

"Then why did he not come with you?"

"He preferred I should announce his arrival."

"Poor Bonair! He still fears," murmured Ory.

"Where is he?" inquired M. Paladine. "What means this mistrust? We have all been holding ourselves in readiness to meet him night and day these two weeks. We are all ready to meet him now."

"You are all ready?" I responded, looking around.

"Why, certainly," said the old man with some impatience.

"Then come with me," I exclaimed, laughing heartily.

We all went forth into the hall, which was now fully lighted. I opened the door wide. I saw Bonair standing under the portico, in the shadow of a pillar. Taking him by the shoulder I ushered him into the house. He threw himself into his father's arms, and embraced his sister tenderly. He presented his hand to Gaisso with stately courtesy.

"Now," said M. Paladine, "let us spend a happy evening."

IV.

THE KISS OF PEACE.

A fortnight later I learned from Djim that Bonair had arrived at a final agreement with the fur company. All his propositions, such as he had stated them in the first interview with the firm, had been accepted. He became a partner in the concern, and was to be lord and master in the new ground which he had chosen for his operations.

The old man had come down handsomely. Bonair had demanded \$20,000 to build and stock his fort; M. Paladine wrote out a check for \$20,000. The company required a guarantee of \$10,000 for the completion of the work and its maintenance during the first twelve months. M. Paladine deposited that amount in the Bank of Missouri, subject to their order.

The old gentleman had to be present at the signing of the act of partnership and other notarial papers. For that purpose he undertook one of his rare excursions to the city. He profited by that opportunity to make a call on my mother, who received him with the utmost cordiality. He also did me the honor of visiting my office. What took place on that occasion was too characteristic to be omitted here.

It so happened that Uncle Pascal was with me examining some plans which I had drawn up for him. He was in capital humor, joking, telling stories, humming snatches of tunes, jumping up from his chair, stamping his feet, pulling my ears.

In the midst of this noise I heard carriage-wheels stop at my door, and soon after heavy steps ascending my little stairs. Then followed a loud rap to which I answered as loudly.

The door opened. M. Paladine made his appearance. The eyes of the two old men met and flashed. They then bowed profoundly to each other in the courtly fashion of two duellists about to cross swords.

"Excuse me, Carey," said M. Paladine. "You are engaged. I will call some other time."

Uncle Pascal, seizing his hat and turning to me, immediately added:

"Excuse me, Carey, I will not detain you. I will return some other time."

I felt like laughing, but I durst not, for the matter had its serious as well as its comical aspect. I knew that M. Paladine would feel hurt if I did not receive him. I was certain that my Uncle Pascal would never forgive me if I accepted his leave. What was I to do? Having no time to deliberate, I resolved on the first plan that came to my head. That was to play the innocent and to affect to ignore the estrangement of the patriarchs. I therefore arose, protested that there was room enough in my office for both of them, and proceeded to a solemn introduction. The old men remained pe-

trified at my effrontery. They both looked at me with eyes full of admiration. I bore the fire of their glance like a hero. Uncle Pascal was the first to speak, and he addressed M. Paladine:

"This boy has more sense than either of us. He has sativized us a master. What do you say, Paladine? Let us both come him for his impudence then shake hands over it. Here goes, though I am the elder."

M. Paladine seized the proffered hand, pressing it fervently.

"There now, you young rascal, are you satisfied?" said Uncle Pascal, threatening me with his cane.

The two ancients then drifted into a pleasant chat, recalling the stories of old times. Uncle Pascal did most of the talking. M. Paladine listened and laughed. He seemed perfectly happy. They parted from each other as if they had always been friends, and promised to meet again.

This little incident raised me in the esteem of both the old men.

Adverting to it a few days later, Uncle Pascal said:

"That was a good lesson you taught me, Carey. At eighty and still pluming myself on my sense, I ought to have known that the prejudices of our youth are contemptible. I never really hated Hector Paladine. He never did me a mite of injury that I remember. I avoided him because others did so. I black-guarded him because it amused my friends and pleased their petty malice. Paladine is not a perfect man, by any means, but he is far superior to most of us. The way he has borne up against public scorn, slander and indifference is little less than heroic. This man, if he had been treated rightly, was destined by nature to be the leader of us all. His talents, his education, his force of character would have made him Governor of the State or our representative in Congress. As it is, his whole life has been wasted. You see how easily we made up to each other. It needed no blare of trumpets to crumble the walls of this Jericho. Paladine has invited me to The Quarries. I am going to go there. In return I will bring him out into the world, introduce him to the Marigny Rooms and try to indemnify him for the past, as much as possible. We are not old yet. We can enjoy many a happy day together."

In reference to the same circumstance, M. Paladine said:

"I see that Pascal is always a wag. The soul of fun is still alive in him. That man has done me more harm by his wicked tongue than any of my enemies. But I believe he never meant what he said. However, it is all over now. I should not have gone forward to meet him, but as we did meet, I am glad we have done so in a spirit of reconciliation. For that I have to thank you, Carey."

V.

TWO SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT.

My business took me to most of the foundries of the city. I spent a great deal of time in them. The play of intricate machinery had a singular attraction for me, and I was never satisfied until by my own reflection or by the explanation of the foreman, I discovered all its component parts and traced the secret of their harmonious combination. In this way I acquired a vast deal of practical knowledge.

One night I was returning from the rolling mills, situated on the river bank about midway between the city and The Quarries. It was not my first visit by a score, and frequently after doing my errand there I would continue my route to call on Ory and M. Paladine. But it was late to-night and I decided on walking back to the city. For some unaccountable reason, the hour and the place impressed me as they had never done before. The ground about me was covered with slugs and clinkers, and there was no habitation within call. The only light came from the mills. Their furnaces glowed like craters, and the workmen, stripped to the waist, who fed its flames, had a wild, ferocious appearance. From the tall chimneys immense volumes of smoke, mixed with streams of fire, poured over the face of the river, illuminating it with a lurid reflection. Naught could be heard but the hiss of the escape-pipes and the low rumbling of the ponderous cylinders, which shook the earth at my feet. I had stopped unconsciously to contemplate this sublime scene, when I was aroused by the sound of footsteps near me. On looking around, my eyes still dazzled by the fire of the giant forges, I could discover nothing; but, peering more sharply into the darkness, I thought I spied two dark figures moving rapidly on the edge of the open space, about two hundred yards from where I stood. They were going southward, in the direction of The Quarries. I fancied at first that they were workmen returning to the mills, but the course they were taking soon made me change my mind. Without explaining to myself why I did it, I determined on intercepting them, and for that purpose walked straight across the flat. This was done so rapidly that I came in front of them before they could avoid me. I then distinguished them more particularly. They were a man and a woman. The man wore a wide-brimmed soft hat and a long overcoat which reached to his ankles. The woman was enveloped in a close-fitting cloak with a hood drawn almost over her eyes. I must not omit to mention that the night was very cold. When they saw me

standing full in their path they deviated to the right and accelerated their step. This excited my suspicions still more. My imagination began to work, and without being able to define particularly the unpleasant misgivings which arose within me, sprang to a conclusion at once.

"Halt!" I cried, in a voice whose threatening echoes startled even myself.

The pair stopped as if they had been shot at. The next moment, however, the man, slamming his hat still lower over his face, took to his legs and was soon out of sight. The woman remained immovable in her place. Certain, now, that something was wrong, I hastily walked up to her.

"What does this mean?" I demanded, sternly. "Who are you?"

No answer.

"Come, speak out. Were you running away with this man or was he dragging you with him? Why did he escape?"

"Ah! Mr. Gilbert, have pity on me," she cried, sinking to the ground at my feet.

I was astounded. Who could this be? I knew that voice, broken though it was, but I could not recall it.

"Take me with you, Mr. Gilbert. Take me to the city and hide me. My life is in danger. I am pursued. I had escaped from The Quarries, but the man you just saw overtook me and was forcing me back. Oh, what a providence that you met me! Save me, sir, I implore you."

"Gaisso! is it you? Rise and compose yourself. You are safe with me."

I raised her from the ground. She was trembling like a leaf. Her hood had fallen back a little, revealing her beautiful face, convulsed with fear, and ghastly white. Meshes of her wavy hair fell out of the cap, adding to her wild, forlorn appearance.

"Poor Gaisso! I am glad to have rescued you if you were in peril. But all this is very strange. Speak to me plainly. Who put your life in danger?"

"Oh! sir," she replied, wringing her hands and weeping pitifully. "It is those dreadful Voudous and all of my being kind to Bonair who has been so kind, so very kind to me since his last return. Oh! sir, I wish it were all over. Between the duties to my people and my duties to my own heart my life is more than a torment; it is a hell."

"You escaped from them and they pursued you?"

"Yes. I disguised myself, stole out of the house by a secret path, but nothing is hidden from these fiends. They discovered my departure and set their hounds upon me at once. I was overtaken just as I reached the outskirts of the city. I was being brought back when you stopped us."

"Who was the man that arrested you?"

"Oh! I dare not tell you, sir."

"Excuse me, Gaisso, if I insist, but I must know him."

"I really cannot tell, sir."

"Then, Gaisso, I am sorry to say I will be able to do nothing for you."

"Oh! Mr. Gilbert, do not abandon a poor miserable creature. Only take me to the city; hide me in some hole; for Ory's sake, I entreat you."

I could not resist that appeal. I assured the unfortunate girl that I would do all I could for her, but still pressed for the name of her pursuer. I suspected it was Nain; I wanted, however, to make sure of it. But I could wrest nothing from her except this, that when I pronounced the name of Nain, she made no reply. It sufficed to convert my suspicion into certainty.

This point being settled, I then persuaded Gaisso to return with me to The Quarries. I judged this a far safer plan than concealing her in the city. It would create less commotion for one thing. None of the family knew anything of her escape. It was not very late and she could slip back into the house without being perceived. As to the Voudous, the fact of her willing return would pacify them and she could further propitiate them, at least for a time, by avoiding Bonair as much as possible. This I took upon myself to advise as particularly proper. It would do good in more ways than one.

"Then," I added, "my being recognized by Nain is a fortunate circumstance. It is not for nothing that he ran away from me. I have a hold on him which you know not of. Be sure that he, at least, will not molest you further in this matter. Be very prudent and all will be well."

While still speaking, I had taken the direction of The Quarries and Gaisso followed rapidly enough, being easily convinced by my arguments. I thought I could penetrate the secret motive of her acquiescence. Now, that the panic was over, she preferred remaining near the object of her love.

VI.

THE THREAT REPEATED.

When we reached the outer gate I offered to go further and conduct her to the very door of the house, but she declined, assuring me that she could run in quite safely without being espied. I assented, but to satisfy myself, requested that when she reached her room, which was in the north-west angle of the building, she should display a light at the window. I then pushed open the gate, but noticed that she still hesitated to enter.

"You have something on your mind, Gaisso; have you not?" I said. "If so, tell me what it is."

"Yes, Mr. Gilbert, I have something to tell you. You remember the note I dropped you from the steamer?"

"I do. What of it?"

"You remember it pointed out a dreadful alternative."

"Which I at once communicated to M. Paladine."

"Ah! he has forgotten it, I fear."

"No, he has not. He referred to it in my hearing not more than a month ago."

"Then, in his confiding nature and with a false estimate of his influence over his slaves, he expects to avert the danger."

"Well, don't you think he can avert it?"

"No, sir, he cannot."

"He cannot snatch you from your enemies."

"Oh! I am nothing. I belong to a proscribed race. If my death could save Bonair, it were a simple issue."

"Do not speak so lightly of death, Gaisso. I myself can scarcely believe that the Voudous, bad as they are, mean to expose themselves to the gallows by committing murder in a case which, at the worst, is purely personal between you and Bonair."

"Ah! sir, you do not know them. There is a very ugly spirit rising among the blacks. It is leading to a vast and cruel conspiracy. They want to make examples, cost what it will. They care nothing for the consequences, let them be the worst imaginable. There have been great talkers going about among them of late. They are dreadfully excited over the way they have been treated this summer. First, there was the burning alive at the stake of three negro assassins. These men suffered horribly while white men, women and children witnessed their treatment with exclamations of frantic joy. Then there have been the wholesale dealings of Hobbes and other negro traders, who have bought up hundreds of blacks in the last year, tearing husbands from their wives, children from their parents, violating all the relations and affections of nature, herding their victims together like cattle and treating them in the most brutal manner. They say that their masters, finding good prices for them, intend to sell them all before next spring, and rather than go South, or at least before going there, they are determined to revolt. Ah! I fear we shall before long be witnesses of awful scenes, and this makes me tremble for Bonair."

"Bonair will soon be out of their reach," I said with a sneer.

The poor girl burst out into sobs. This rude and offhand reference to a departure in which so much of her heart and her fate was involved grated harshly on her feelings. I regretted having spoken so hastily.

"That, Mr. Gilbert," said she at length, "is precisely what I wanted to call your attention to. In proportion as the hour of his departure approaches does his danger increase. He is closely watched. Every step he takes is followed. He may resist. He may kill his first or his second assailant. But in some hidden ambush, or by a sudden rush, he will yet be borne down. It is frightful to have to announce these things, but I must do so now that I have so favourable an opportunity with you."

"Come, Gaisso," I replied. "Let me bring you to a definite point. All these dangers we are well aware of, though you have made them appear worse than I ever thought they could be. Answer me clearly, fearlessly, without false shame. Exaggerate nothing. Speak only what you know, but speak that plainly. What if you give up Bonair?"

"I die."

"What if Bonair gives you up?"

"He dies."

"Then there is only one thing can save you both?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

She hesitated.

"Say it, Gaisso. I want it from your own lips. What is it?"

"Marriage."

"There it is. Now M. Paladine will have to believe it. You could not tell him this, in so many words, of course. But I will. If it has really come to this, it is time to act. I am of a sanguine temperament, however, and I think all will be well. Go in now, Gaisso. The night is growing colder."

"God bless you, Mr. Gilbert. What a good fortune. What a happy termination to a dreadful adventure. Good night, sir."

Five minutes later I saw the signal-light in Gaisso's window and then walked home, thinking of what, gentle reader? Of love and murder? No. Of sines and cosines.

(To be continued.)

THE GILBERT-PALLISER GUN.

We are informed that Lt.-Col. Strange, the Dominion Inspector of Artillery, who has just returned from a tour of inspection through British Columbia, has visited the factory of Messrs. E. E. Gilbert & Sons and examined the impressions taken from the Gilbert-Palliser Gun both before and after proof. After the satisfactory manner in which the gun stood the unusually severe test of 24 lbs. of pebble powder, that is to say three times the ordinary service charge and nearly two and one half times the proof charge required in the British ordnance service, it is to be hoped the home manufacture of guns will not be allowed to die out, but that a sufficient sum will be voted at the next session of Parliament for this very necessary and truly economic defence expenditure.

CAPTURE OF CETEWAYO AND END OF THE ZULU WAR.

Soon after Sir Garnet had pitched his camp at Ulundi, the report reached him that the Zulu King had a large store of powder concealed somewhere near his kraal at Amayakanzie. On the following day he started in search of the magazine, accompanied by his staff and six of the Natal police, John Dunn, and some of his natives, who acted as guides, and at a distance of about eleven miles from their starting point, and about a mile from the King's kraal at Amayakanzie, they came upon a deep cave, extending under huge ledges of overhanging rocks, below one of the rugged mountain spurs of this wild country. This cave was found to contain 500 wooden five-pound kegs, supposed to be of Portuguese importation from Delagoa Bay—in other words, upwards of a ton of gunpowder. Sir Garnet decided that it should be destroyed at once; but to avoid the tremendous noise which an explosion in the cave would produce, and perhaps create alarm in the neighborhood, the powder was removed to the summit of the hill and there exploded. Just as the men were about to enter the cave they were startled by the sudden appearance of a huge snake, which raised itself in a threatening attitude, and which the natives declared to be the spirit of the late King Panda keeping guard over his son's hidden treasure. On October 2d, the *Egypt* transport arrived at Portsmouth from South Africa with the first battalion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment and a number of officers of various corps, including Major Chard, V.C., and Surgeon Major Reynolds, V.C., of Rorke's Drift fame. The battalion is that which was cut up at Isandula, and which has since been re-formed by volunteers from various regiments. Soon after the *Egypt* entered the harbor, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar went on board to see the sick and wounded, and the Commander-in-Chief greeted Major Chard in the most cordial manner, and complimented him on the gallantry which he had displayed. Subsequently the troops were paraded on the jetty for inspection, and much interest was displayed by those assembled on the unfurling of the tattered and faded colors of the Twenty-fourth, in the defense of which the brave Melville and Coghill lost their lives. The Duke of Cambridge, after inspecting the colors, addressed the regiment through Colonel Glynn, heartily congratulating them on their return, but expressing his sorrow at seeing so few of the old soldiers. The other illustration shows a bit of the battle-field of Ulundi a few hours after the fight. The dead bodies of Zulu warriors, conorted into strange attitudes by the agony of death, lay scattered about in all directions, being most numerous in the neighborhood of bushes, where the fugitives had endeavored to hide. In one place the artist saw twenty-two bodies lying within an area of twenty square yards, killed by the bullets of the Martini-Henri rifle.

PHONOGRAPHY MADE EASY.

At last a long felt want has been supplied by our well-known citizen Mr. J. A. Manseau, Professor of Phonography at the Catholic Commercial Academy, Montreal, who, in his untiring efforts succeeded in shortening labor by an easy and excellent method of shorthandwriting. Pitman, Grahsm, Munson, &c., furnish an elaborate and scientific system to perfection for professional reporters, who devote all their time and constant practice to this art, which requires years to master it fully. But no men, whose daily avocations are different from that of the professional reporter, can afford to spend years in learning this art, and they, particularly, will welcome this little book the more, as a perfect knowledge can be acquired in a few days easy study, and the most important feature of all is the great assistance it gives in lessening the work. Since retrenchment is the order of the day many of our merchants, bankers, &c., have reduced their staff and increased the duties of the remaining employees, who in many a case are overworked, and will find a treasure in Mr. Manseau's valuable work, which is based upon Mr. Duployé's system, and cannot but meet with the greatest demand which a book on phonography ever had.

Already the principal colleges and schools in the United States have introduced Mr. Manseau's method and sent large orders to supply the wants. New York and Boston papers speak highly of it; school journals recommend its introduction into schools, and even the European press, which not always gives full credit for anything coming from the pen of Canadian writers, has done justice to the author.

There are but three principles which the student is governed by, which, when strictly followed, and with some practice, enable him to take down any speech after as many months study as any of the scientific systems require years of hard work. But we think it unnecessary to enter and treat upon the details particularly, as one can learn the rules and alphabet in almost as short a time as it takes to write this, for the whole is simplicity itself, and we are much mistaken if this method does not gain such popularity which makes phonography a necessity in all important offices.

The long winter evenings are at the door, and we would advise all young men especially to not only invest in a copy of "Phonography made Easy," but study it, the profit is their own, as it is very true that "To shorten labor is to lengthen life."

LYRA INCANTATA.

(From the University Magazine.)

I.

Within a castle haunted,
As castles were of old,
There hung a harp enchanted,
And on its rim of gold
This legend was enrolled:
"Whatever bard would win me
Must strike and wake within me,
By one supreme endeavour,
A chord that sounds forever."

II.

Three bars of lyre and viol,
By mandate of the king;
Were bidden to a trial
To find the magic string,
(If there were such a thing).
Then, after much essaying
Of tuning, came the playing;
And lords and ladies splendid
Watched as those bards contended.

III.

The first—a minstrel hoary,
Who many a rhyme had spun—
Sang loud of war and glory—
Of battles fought and won;
But when his song was done,
Although the bard was lauded,
And clapping hands applauded,
Yet, spite of the laudation,
The harp ceased its vibration.

IV.

The second changed the measure,
And turned from fire and sword
To sing a song of pleasure—
The wine-cup and the board—
Till, at the wit all roared,
And the high hall resounded
With merriment unbounded!
The harp—loud as the laughter—
Grew hushed as that, soon after.

V.

The third, in lover's fashion,
And with his soul on fire,
Then sang of love's pure passion—
The heart and its desire!
And, as he smote the wire,
The list-ners, gathering round him,
Caught up a wraith and crowned him.
The crown—hath faded never!
The harp—resounds forever!

THEODORE TILTON.

HUMOROUS.

"A FARMER" is respectfully informed that weeds on the farm are got rid of by a little husbandry. So are those on a widow's bonnet.

A MAN about to fail in business was asked: "How many cents do you intend to pay on the dollar?" "Just as many as I can borrow," was the reply.

No dictionary can equal the child's definition of chaos. "It is a great pile of nothing," she said, "and nowhere to put it."

NATURE never designed the interior of a pumpkin to hold a candle, but the small boy did and that's where he got in one extra.

A RATHER gayly-dressed young lady asked her Sunday-school class what was "meant by the pomp and vanities of the world." The answer was honest, but rather unexpected: "Them flowers on your hat."

THE Boston *Courier* discovers that when two young men meet they address each other as "old man," and that when two old fellows meet they say "my boy."

FATHER: "But, Charlie, again I see no improvement in your marks." CHARLEY: "Yes, papa, it is high time that you had a serious talk with the teacher, or else he'll keep on that way forever!"

A PERSIAN ambassador, who visited the romantic city of Edinburgh, was violently attacked, theologically speaking, by an ancient Presbyterian lady, who reproached him for professing what she termed an idolatrous religion. "I am told, sir," she said, "that you worship the sun." So would you, madam, politely replied Mirza Khan, "if you ever saw him."

"WELL, my man," said a military doctor to a patient who had been on "low diet" for a long time, "how are you?" "Much better, sir." "Could you eat a small chicken to-day?" "That I could sir." "What would you like it stuffed with?" "Please, your honor," replied the hungry patient, "I would like it stuffed with another."

A JURY in the New York city court disagreed, and when Judge McCue inquired: "How do you stand, gentlemen?" The foreman replied: "Your honour, there are six of us on one side and four on the other; one is on both sides and one didn't vote." Judge, jurors and spectators were convulsed with laughter, but the foreman was unable to "see the joke."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Pimples eruptions on the face so annoying to the young and difficult to cure, can be entirely eradicated from the system by using ACNE PILLS. They contain nothing injurious nor, apart from the disease do they in any way affect the constitution, save as a healthy tonic and an aid to digestion. Box with full directions for treatment and cure mailed to any part of Canada for \$1. Sample packets 12 cents in stamps, address, W. Hearn Chemist Ottawa. a-2-w

REAL ESTATE IN THE WEST.

The Denver Land Co. offer in another column alternate lots in their addition. These alternate lots are in fact given away, though a nominal charge of one dollar is made for the deed. The Company limit the number purchasable at this price to five lots. Many of the large cities of the West have been started in a similar manner, and those who secured lots then, find themselves now in possession of valuable property. The opportunity does not often present itself of making an investment in Real Estate at such prices. The reliability of the Company and their title to the property being well established, there could be no risk, with a fine prospect for a rapid increase in value. Denver has had such a wonderfully rapid growth, it is probable that the lands offered will be speedily taken up.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.



TORONTO.—THE HUNT STEEPLE-CHASE FOR THE COPELAND CHALLENGE CUP.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



TORONTO.—UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, KING STREET.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.

THE LATE HONOURABLE WILLIAM
HENRY POPE, OF P. E. ISLAND.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The Bench in the Province of Prince Edward Island has recently suffered a great loss by the untimely death of the Hon. Judge Pope. He was one of the first appointments when County Courts were established on the Island, and he had so discharged duties of his position as to make his death widely felt as a public bereavement. Indeed he bore among the people of Prince County the character of a peacemaker rather than that of a Judge. He preferred conciliatory measures to legal proceedings, and loved to settle disputes as a disinterested friend better than as a Judge by formal decisions from the Bench. He was born in the County where he presided as Judge, and to his intimate acquaintance with the people may perhaps in some measure be attributed the influence he exerted in diminishing litigation and soothing the differences which sprang up among neighbours.

Before his elevation to the Bench, Mr. Pope acted an important part in local politics, and bore some of the highest offices in the Government. Indeed from the time he arrived at manhood until his death, in his fifty-fifth year, he was with little intermission prominently before the public. He received his education in England, and having finished his course of law in the office of the Hon. Edward Palmer, now Chief Justice, he was called to the Bar in 1847. The drudging routine of his profession had however for him fewer allurements than the excitement of political life, and while assiduously devoted to the study of his profession, he preferred the Legislative Assembly to the Court Room. The time in which his lot was cast, perhaps justified his preference. Important questions connected with the prosperity and welfare of the colony were already becoming matters of agitation and debate. The tenure of land and the question of Confederation had begun to occupy men's minds, and furnish matter for discussion. In 1859 Mr. Pope was made Colonial Secretary, and in 1863 he took a seat in the House of Assembly as the representative of Belfast, and was at once invited to enter the Cabinet. In furtherance of the settlement of the question of land tenures, Mr. Pope, in conjunction with the Hon. Edward Palmer, visited London, and laid their case before the British Government. The mission was productive of good results. He was also one of the Colonial Delegates, who assembled in Charlottetown, and afterwards in Quebec, to discuss the subject of



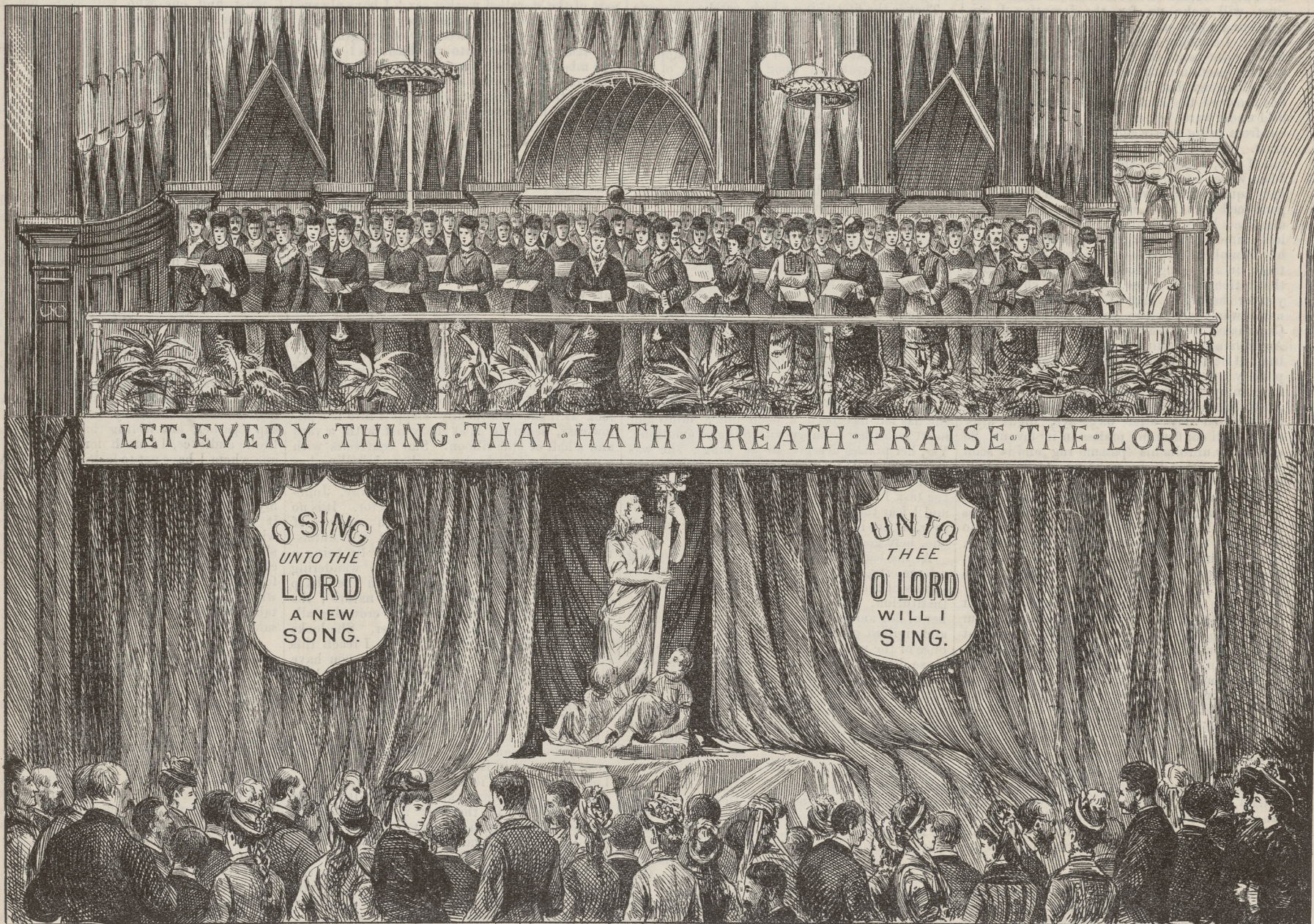
Confederation. Although the action taken on this question was followed by no immediate effect, still the matter had been fairly broached, and Mr. Pope by his writings in the *Islander* newspaper lost no opportunity of reconciling the public mind to the Union, which the course of years ultimately brought about. He was also one of a Commission appointed by the Canadian Government to visit the West India Islands and the Brazils, with a view of negotiating a treaty of reciprocal free trade. The Emperor of Brazil received the Commissioners with the greatest courtesy and promised to advance their views all that lay in his power. This mission has not been fruitless; benefit has been derived, and still greater advantages with proper exertions may be expected in the future.

We said above that Mr. Pope, although taking an active part in politics, and mingling conspicuously in the strife and turmoil consequent on political life, still found time to keep himself abreast of his fellows in the study of his profession. A proof of the confidence reposed in his legal ability by those most competent to judge, was furnished in the year 1861, when in conjunction with the Hon. Edward Palmer and the Hon. John Longworth, he was entrusted with the revision of the laws of the Province preparatory to the publication of a new edition of the Statute Book. Again in 1878 a similar but more intricate task was confided to him and Judge Alley—namely, to condense, consolidate and revise for publication all the laws in force since Confederation. To this work he devoted much time and study, and the vast pile of manuscript left by him ready for the press bears ample testimony alike to his diligence and his research.

In social life Mr. Pope was the soul of hospitality and the very pattern of good fellowship. All his life he had been a student, and in the course of his reading he had picked up much valuable and much quaint information, which he wove with singular skill into his conversation. His disposition was naturally gay and cheerful, and his happy flow of spirits might lead you to believe that he never knew a trouble. A strong attachment existed between him and his only brother, the Hon. J. C. Pope, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who with his father, the Hon. Joseph Pope, has felt his loss most acutely. His mother was a daughter of the late Captain Colledge. She died many years ago.

Mr. Pope married on the 2nd of January, 1851, Miss DesBrisay, of Charlottetown, who with eight children survives him. His death

No. 324.—THE LATE JUSTICE W. H. POPE.



MONTREAL.—SACRED CONCERT AT THE WESLEY (CONGREGATIONAL) CHURCH.

occurred at Summerside on the 7th of October, and he was buried in the graveyard of the Parish Church of St. Eleanor. The Supreme Court which was holding its sittings in Summerside at the time adjourned, and the Hon. Judge Peters, the Attorney-General and the members of the Bar in their robes followed his remains to the grave.

We cannot more fittingly close this brief sketch of the life of Judge Pope than by quoting the words uttered by Judge Peters in his charge to the Grand Jury. The hon. gentleman said—"I cannot close my charge to you without alluding to an event which has cast a gloom over the community. I mean the death of Judge Pope. Possessed of a keen and powerful intellect he devoted his whole mind to the upright discharge of his duties. He did his very utmost faithfully to execute his office, and not only do his family mourn their loss, but the whole community grieve for a just and an upright Judge."

A REMINISCENCE.

It has been a hard day for all of us; mustering-day is always an important event on an Australian station, and when the squatters send out his shepherds and boundary-riders to scour the plains in order to bring together, draft and count his "mobs" of sheep or cattle, there is work to be done. Eight or ten hours on a buck-jumper and under an antipodean sun is a ne'er-to-be-forgotten ride. So think we all, as we lazily stretch our wearied bodies round the fire where the evening meal is being prepared by the writer. There are four of us, and we have brought our day's labours to a close after mustering some 70,000 sheep, which we have had to hunt up over the plains, through the dense mallee-scrub and amidst the flocks of neighbouring squatters. The *dramatis personae* deserve a passing mention. There is Pearson, the boundary-rider; he is the only one of us born under the Southern Cross and hails from the garden of the Antipodes, Tasmania; we have dubbed him the Demon, an abbreviation for Vandemonian. Sitting close by, on the stump of a sheoak tree, is the "Doctor," an old Charter-House school-boy; he represents our walking, or rather riding, encyclopædia; hence his name. Next to him reclines Reginald, a good-looking Irishman, related to one-half of the Irish peerage, and who probably takes the names of various Hibernian lords more frequently in vain than they do that of their poor cousin. And there is myself and I am the cook. My *menu* for the noon is a sumptuous one—a haunch of kangaroo is baking in the camp-oven, and I have christened as "pigeon" a large pie, wherein are enconced a dozen little rosellas. But then the crust will make up for the deception I am practising upon my comrades; it is a solid crust. I consider myself a "dab" at making crust; mine is not the kind proverbially referred to in connection with broken promises; in fact it is whispered that Nero, the old kangaroo-dog, was drowned the other day, not through being held under water by an "old man" kangaroo, but from being over-weighted by a piece of my crust. Boiled rice and wild honey complete the bill of fare, which we are just about to discuss, when we see a man emerging from a bush-track; he is equipped as a swagman, yet our old and experienced eyes have at once gone through his disguise; he is evidently a "new chum"; he looks tired and has lost his way or he would not have stumbled across us. We are off the beaten track, in a clearing known to old bushmen and the station hands alone. "May I chum with you for the night, mates?" he asks with that nasal twang common to Americans and to many Canadians. Needless to say that he is welcomed. Australian hospitality is proverbial. You may boast of Scotch, Irish, English or Canadian hospitality; they severally are praised by those who have enjoyed them; but he who has experienced Australian hospitality and felt how lavishly it is exercised day after day—aye, night after night, will confirm my praises in its favour. So our visitor unrolls his 'possum rug and is soon made to feel that he is one of us. At Eton, boys ask the new school-boy, "Who is your father?" In the Australian bush no questions are asked; that does not imply, however, that no stories are told. Men who take to bush-life do not do so because they are fond of riding after sheep, or, of an evening, lying at the foot of a gum-tree. Metaphorically speaking, they have been "up a gum-tree" in some other country, and now know from experience that it is better to be at the foot of one. So we ask no questions of our guest, who, however, volunteers the statement that he is not long out in the colony, that he is a Canadian, that he has been a railway-car conductor "out West," and that he has come out to the colony of Victoria to try sheep-farming. Not a muscle of our countenances stirs, yet we look at one another in a most significant manner, and our looks may be interpreted by the brief, but expressive words, "Too thin." Sheep-farming is not done now-a-days under a few thousand pounds sterling, and our Canadian friend does not, judging from outward appearances, look like a very rich man. At last dinner is ready. I do not here record the conversation, for none takes place. We have sat down to eat, and eat we do. There is no theatre in our neighbourhood, so we cannot discuss the merits of the last play; there is no church, so we cannot analyze the logic or soundness of the clergyman's views as expressed in his Sunday's sermon, and last, but not least, there are no women, so we cannot rhapsodize over these delectable creatures. We are all bachelors; we have

all enjoyed—'tis a bitter enjoyment—the experience of having loved and lost, and our minds dwell on memories of the past. With regard to the future, we have philosophically made up our minds that we should be nowhere in the matrimonial hunt, and although some women may yet be found who would willingly live and love in a cottage, it would be too severe a test, let us say, on their constitution, the residence in the bush.

Our pipes are lit, and, in the course of a quiet chat, I incidentally mention that once upon a time I, too, have been in Canada. Whereupon our new acquaintance fumbles among his chat-tels and brings to light two old and creased newspapers, bearing the imprint of Canadaville, Ontario, and styled *The Intelligencer*. *Kismet* impels me to glance at the column containing "Births, Marriages, and Deaths." To many, the information it vouchsafes is of no interest; yet, the world over, the announcement of an entry into or an exit from the world, or of the linking of two destinies for a life-time, for better or for worse, will, in some way, move an absent one and stir up in his or her mind sweet, or, may be, bitter, recollections. The grief caused by learning for the first time the death of one who has been dear to us at some period of our existence, it is to be hoped will be assuaged by the thought that we have never wronged the one who has gone before us, in deed or thought. To most men, a birth signifies nothing, but the unexpected news of a marriage will make many a man's heart beat faster. Aye, many a man's! I leave it to you, my fair readers. Have not all of you, one and all, complacently counted upon your fingers the proposals you have had from enamoured youths and men? Have you not enjoyed these tributes enforced from your slaves by your numerous physical and moral perfections? No doubt some of you have been cruel and spurned with your foot the humble worshipper kneeling as a suppliant at your feet; but, on the other hand, many of you have been generous and have respected the one who, for the time being, has found in you the embodiment of all that is lovely and lovable in woman, and who has told you so. You have given him a crumb of consolation; you have listened not unkindly to the outpouring of his heart, and, for a short time, to quote the French saying, "*Vous lui avez fait l'auréole d'un peu d'amour*." I am sorry I cannot reciprocate your feelings, but I am not displeased at your having told me you cared for me," whether written or said is pleasant, and soothes the smitten heart. I have digressed.

Smith-Thompson.—On the 6th inst., at Longright, Ontario, John DeCourcy Smith, of Smithville, to Amelia Barbara Thompson of Longright. No cards.

That is the first thing which catches my eye as I look at the *Canadaville Intelligencer*, and, strangely enough, I read the paragraph aloud, and a sigh that I have had no time to suppress or disguise breaks in upon the silence of the smokers.

"The girl I left behind me?" whistles the Tasmanian interrogatively.

"The girl who treated you barbarously?" asks Reginald, of ancient lineage. "Tell us all about her, old boy!"

"*Infandum Reginald jubes renovare dolorem*," sentimentally and classically speaks the Carthusian, quoting his favorite Latin bard.

Thanking the old man with a look, I jump up and am about to stroll away, under the pretence of "looking after the sheep," but in reality to commune with myself about the past, and to muse upon what might have been. But the gentle shepherds simultaneously break out with a "Tell us all about her; we'll all look at the sheep together by and by." There is no resisting the appeal, and, moreover, is there not an innate pleasure in narrating to a chosen few a romance of which one has been the hero, and to sing the praises of one's lady love.

I have not forgotten her, for the impression she has left has been a deep one; mind and heart recall her memory with mingled emotions. Yes, her praises deserve to be sung; she was generous, and, to speak in trite English, she "let me down easy." Yet I feel diffident about the task I am undertaking; my heart is full, and I fear that I will not do her justice. However, I am in for it, and so, without further ado, here goes:

At the back of a right royal mount o'ertopping a large city, whose wharves are washed by the waters of the mighty St. Lawrence, stands an institution. Its walls annually receive a number of fair and dark damsels. Under the careful and vigilant guidance of a few ladies, who were once of the world, but have now retired from it, these damsels are being educated and prepared for their duties and positions in after life. No better instructors could they have than the kind women who have devoted themselves to this onerous and responsible task, and a young girl coming from the institution is known in after days as "a child of the house," an appellation she may well be proud of, and which she will strive all her life to be worthy of. The *esprit de corps* of the institution, which has branches the Dominion over, is strong *Florat*! It is summer-time and, with a few friends, I have been invited to be present at a reception about to be given by the inmates of the institution to no less a personage than Her Most Gracious Majesty's representative in the land. On arriving, we are shown into the *Salon de réception*, arrayed on both sides of which are some two hundred of the damsels aforementioned. It is not my purpose here to describe the scene. Should any one be desirous of learning what it

was like, I refer them to the files of the local papers of the year 186—, wherein some half a dozen scribes gave vent to the feelings awakened at the time in their cynical bosoms by what they called "a galaxy of lovely girls, whose rosy cheeks and smiling looks spoke of health, mirth, happiness, simplicity, innocence, subdued mischief," and all that kind of thing. Bow, wow, wow! The girls read this and laughed; the ladies read it and laughed, and one of them subsequently said to me: "I wish those reporters would show me what they are going to write, for they always do write such nonsense about the place. Our girls are so simple, are they not?" I looked at her, hardly knowing what to say, but my smile must have told her that I did not belong to that credulous corps, the naval infantry. Be it nevertheless confessed, the scene was one to leave its impression, but as I am not here to describe it,

Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.

Suffice it to say, it was in one respect monotonous. There was too much uniformity about it—too much simplicity about it. The girls were all in white and wore blue sashes; from their necks, whether swan-like or otherwise, depended green ribbons, attached to which were medals, orders of merit, in fact. Some of them looked padded about the *ceinture*. I afterwards learnt that the padding consisted of love-letters surreptitiously smuggled within the sacred precincts of the institution. Like the Spartan youth who let the young fox he had stolen, gnaw away at his chest rather than admit his theft, so do these brave girls keep these burning effusions close to their heart, sooner than be detected in the heinous offence of receiving school-boys' declarations of love. They all are casting downward glances, as if the flowers on the carpet were all-absorbing objects of interest to them; here and there one bolder than the rest feasts her eyes on the glittering uniforms and moustaches of the military swells who accompany the representative of royalty, but she is instantly called to order by one of the ladies, whose reproving look distinctly says, "*Baissez les yeux, Mademoiselle*." I am taking all this in mentally, when I feel a certain sharp pang in the region anatomically described as the cardiac. I am hit, and badly hit by a shaft that has been despatched on its havoc-making way by a pair of dark eyes. Can you, boys, can any of us explain how it is that a glance directed, perhaps at hap-hazard, for I am not vain enough to imagine that my outward presentment is such as to attract spontaneous attention, should have so startling and prompt an effect? Yet you have all experienced it, and at one time in your lives had to fall back staggered and wounded by a girl's glance. And yet they are part of the so-called weaker sex! I have always disbelieved that apocryphal story of Adam and Eve. Where was the necessity of dragging that unfortunate reptile into the business? There was mischief enough in our first mother's eye, without calling in the serpent to her aid. Was it fated that such a glance should be directed at me? I'll not pause to inquire, no more than I did at the time. I therefore return the look, trying to appear self-possessed, and then I strike my colours, i.e., surrender, for two reasons. The first and best is that I take a pleasure in surrendering to the enemy after taking a look at her. The next is that when I am in Rome I do like the Romans, and as demure, downcast eyes seem to be the order of the day, I conform to the inexorable laws of the Medes and Persians. Brief as my reconnaissance of the enemy has been, I do not consider it *infra dig.* to capitulate with arms and baggage. Will she allow me the honours of war? Time alone will show. I am struck with her appearance—dark, tall and well-shaped, she shows to advantage in the midst of the dowdies around her. I do not say they are dowdies, but the baggy appearance of their costume invites this unflattering designation. She does not, like most of her sisters, look as if she had bodily stepped into her pillow-case, securing it at the waist with a yard and a half of blue ribbon. She courtesies with a natural grace, which a two hours' drilling has not been able to instil into the others and, when the ceremony is over, she moves away, Juno-like. *Vera incessu patuit dea*, Doctor. It is no easy task to describe her; the firm outlines of her mouth denote determination of will unmistakably, the curve of the upper lip being a characteristic feature; her eyes are wandering round and noticing everything with the sharp intuition of a student of human nature; the face is a good-natured one, but, crowning all, there is an air of noblesse about her. She looks a noble, grand, glorious girl! As I reach this climax, a chorus of "Why, Charlie, you have not done her half justice; she must have been a beauty," greets me in a not unwelcome fashion.

But I have not done with her so quickly, so I continue my narrative:

"There is something remarkable about her nostrils which it is impossible for me to depict. Look at those of a race-horse, or again, at those of a high-bred woman, and you have it. There is no doubt of it, the nose is an aristocratic feature in the human face, and always tells its own tale. The forehead is an intellectual one, and if I can at all read a woman's face, she must be high tempered. Perhaps a tendency to sarcasm lingers about the corners of that mouth, and certainly there is some pride in her brow, but, mistake me not, boys—the right kind of pride. I do not think I am wrong when I say that she is of an affectionate and, moreover, a lively disposition. These impressions, mind,

do not strike me all at once; no, they grow on me later on, when I begin to know her—when I study her photograph in the quietness of my room and try and read the face so dear to me. But I am anticipating. 'Tis time to leave the building, and I quit it musing and not for the least daring to hope we two shall ever meet again. *Kismet* has, however, decided otherwise, for a few days later we meet again, really quite by accident at an old friend's house, where she is spending a few days. The friend in question is her guardian *pro tem.* and a vigilant one at that, so I have no chance of improving our acquaintance. Besides, badly as I have been hit, mine enemy does not appear to have received even so much as a scratch in the brief, but to me decisive encounter, so I feel diffident about renewing the attack. A day comes at last, a bright and sunny day, a red-letter day in my existence, when, in company with an old and valued friend, she deigns to pay me a visit. A queen can afford to visit one of her subjects. She comes into my den. It is Beauty visiting the poor Beast; departing she leaves behind her a fragrance that pervades the room, which has ever been sacred to me since. Who occupies it now, I wonder? Her holidays have come to an end and so she leaves, not or the institution herein before alluded to, but for a branch one, hundreds of miles away. *Ay de mi*, I cry; she is lost to me for ever. By day I think of her and only regret that she does not visit me by night. Oh! Amelia, I love you, bursts from my lips at all hours. The secret of my love leaves me no peace. I must have a confidant, but yet I am loth to unbosom myself even to one who has known me for years; at last, however, I muster sufficient courage to do so. My confidant is a married lady, but a few years older than myself; for some time past she has allowed me to tell her all my troubles and often has she said to me, "Be sure and come and tell me when you fall in love." So here is my chance. Oh! had I but known, I would have pitch-plastered my lips. She breaks out and flies at me with a tirade which I vividly recollect to the present day. "Do you think young girls fall in love with middle-aged men? (I am just 32!) Oh the conceit of men! You imagine that because a girl is decently polite to you and laughs at your stupidity, she is smiling upon you. Yes, go and propose to her by all means and make a fool of yourself." She rattles away in that lively fashion and winds up with a Parthian shot. My Amelia actually kissed her boys before she left. I do not want to hear any more, so I beat a hasty retreat. I can understand her being pitiless; her maternal vanity does not admit of young ladies visiting her house falling in love with anyone but her two sons, handsome boys, I must confess. However I must find one who will share my hopes, anxieties and fears, when lo! I stumble across an old chum who in days gone by has had an *affaire du cœur* and who has been unfortunate. He will sympathize with me; weep when I weep and rejoice when I rejoice.

On seeing me, Jack, that's his name, notices at once that there is something up. He looks at me interrogatively and I responsively burst out, "Jack, I am in love."

"The deuce you are! Well, old man, I am glad of it; it will be the making of you. Come to supper and tell me all about her."

That looks promising, so I accept. I must first inform you who Jack is. Like myself, his tastes are Bohemian; both of us have for some years been engaged in various professions; but every man has his forte, as Artemus Ward once said; Jack's forte lies in writing poems, odes to the moon; his productions are of the mystic kind; he is moreover a painter. Painting and poetry go together. *Ut pictura poesis*, Doctor. Jack paints *a la Whistler*, nocturnes and arrangements in black and white, moonlight scenes on the great Moose River; in fact the moon plays an important part in Jack's poems and in his paintings. I could not select a better man to talk to about my incipient love. So we sup together, and feeling that I have a sympathetic audience, I launch forth in praise of the one whom I have got to look upon as my Amelia. I describe her, I tell Jack what good resolutions I have formed, I talk of plans for the future, of my hopes and fears, and as a clincher (I know it will take with Jack, who is a cricketer), I wind up with a "And Jack, she plays cricket; she is Captain of the Convent Eleven and they call her Captain Thompson." It has clinched, for Jack, who has been quietly listening the whole time, brings his broad fist down on the table and exclaims all in a breath and, be it said, in perfect good faith and seriousness:

"By Jove, old fellow, that girl must be a stunner if she can play cricket! That's just the kind of wife you want!"

Jack's gravity upsets my centre of that abstract quality and both of us burst out laughing. But we are soon serious again. The *pros* and *cons* of the matter are argued at length. "There are two to love and two to quarrel," says an old proverb. It is all very fine my having fallen in love, but as yet, there are no signs of my feelings being reciprocated. That murderous glance from those expressive eyes may have been directed at me merely to show their possessor's power. And besides, however great my expectations may be in the future, at present, were she ever so inclined to listen to my suit, I cannot even boast ownership of the traditional cottage, of the *chambre de l'amour*, which is the *sine qua non* in the nineteenth century. Who knows? My queen may be ambitious and perchance sighs for a palace? Would that I had one; it should be hers to grace!

During our short acquaintance I think I have detected one or two little things from which I dare to conclude that I am not altogether an object of indifference to her. But then a man in love is like a drowning one; he clings at a straw and clutches it despairingly. Jack suggests that I should write, boldly declare my love and . . . take the consequences of this rash deed. He knows a lady who lives close to the institution where she is immured; this lady is the fair one whom Jack loved in days of old, but she married another. Yet he feels confident that she will act as the messenger of love between us, and he winds up by saying, "And I'll write a poem, comparing her to the fair moon, and you can pretend you have written it yourself in her honour." I shake my head deprecatingly; the offer is well meant, but she is not fair as the moon, she is dark.

"Hang your fair moon, Jack," are all the thanks the self-sacrificing poet gets, after so generously volunteering the abdication of his author's rights.

Jack and I part at last. I am determined to find out what are her feelings towards me, and to do my utmost to win her by showing her what I can do with such a prize in view. On mature reflection I resolve not to write to her clandestinely; I'll wait two long months; by that time she will have returned to her home and then I'll throw out a line of skirmishers, open fire and answer the challenge of that glance, if challenge it has been.

Two months have elapsed and shot the first is fired. For some time a rattling fire of epistles is kept up on both sides, and be it that mine enemy is not wounded or that she will not admit that any of my shots has told, in fact she does not seem to notice them, matters do not progress at all. I must change my tactics, and I therefore resolve to pour a whole volley into her, to take the fortress by storm; I must shatter the gates of the citadel, of her heart, and enter by the breach, by the big hole I shall have made. This volley from which I expect so much, can be summed up in four words—"Amelia, I love you." I have blazed away all my ammunition; not a cartridge is left. There is nothing to be done but to await the result.

Victoria! Victoria! From the beleaguered city comes the news that although the enemy has been most "unmercifully surprised" she is "not altogether displeased," and that a well-directed shot has had some effect. My heart rejoiceth and I burst forth into a jubilant psalm of triumph. It is short-lived however, for is there not a dead lie in every jar of honey? The sickening and disheartening thought comes over me that I have gone too far. What right had I to take a citadel that I cannot keep, at least not at present? Do my worldly prospects justify this wanton and bold attack? Will she not think that I have been indulging in that dangerous and contemptible pastime of yclept flirtation? Does she trust me? My mind and heart are at variance. My heart, being the weaker of the two, bids me ask her to bide awhile and to give me an opportunity of showing her how much I value the possession of her; but the mind, which is stronger, reasons differently. She is not displeased. That is a kind way of putting it; but is she pleased? That is the question. I therefore gradually retire from the scene of action, as gracefully as I can, for I have no reserves to bring up to bring the battle to a decisive issue. Once more it is her turn, and now is it that what is noble and generous in her nature shows itself. She heals the wound she has unwittingly made, and the last letter I am ever to receive from her contains these words: "Good-bye, *que Dieu vous garde.*" Many months after, we meet, I cannot speak, but she understands the silent request expressed in my look; she puts forth her hand which I fervently and reverently press to my lips and we part, forever.

"Good-night, boys, I'll take a look at the sheep before I turn in to-night."

They know now that I wish to be left alone and no one follows me. I wander away into the bush and leaning against a tree, I pull out a locket, unfasten it and gaze fondly upon her sweet face once more. Above me, the Southern Cross is shedding its softening light upon those dear traits and the moon's rays, (Jack my confidant, where art thou now?) steal gently through the branches and irradiate the countenance of her I have loved and will love to the end. My heart is beating wildly and in the stillness of the night, my lips repeat the prayer she breathed for me. "Good-bye, my love, *que Dieu vous garde.*" CHARLES E. ROCHE.

EMMA ABBOTT OPERA COMPANY.

Miss Emma Abbott's *Marguerite* is spoken of as follows:

Miss Emma Abbott's supreme effort is her *Marguerite*. It is simply wonderful. She is the ideal *Marguerite*; a pearl among the representatives of Goethe's heroine, for such is the epic grandeur of her characterization that it is rather the *Marguerite* of Goethe than of Gounod. It grows under the spectator's eye like a picture under the deft pencil of an artist, or rather, it is like a succession of pictures, each one more forcible, more richly colored than the last. The simple, innocent, shrinking girl, living a life so pure as to be almost lifted above her surroundings, ripens under her affection for *Faust* to womanhood, filled with a love so strong as to be almost a pain in its freshly awakened strength, and racked with conflicting emotions of love, hope, despair and fear that stir up depths in her

moral and mental nature of which she was before happily uncognizant. It is not the weak cry of a girl that she sends up in appeal for mercy from above; it is the awful despair of a woman in the meshes of fate, realizing to the fullest her terrible doom, and powerless to do ought but suffer. Dramatically considered it is Miss Abbott's best character, and her singing was never better, as regards technique, or more soulful or magnetic. Her voice is clear, brilliant, and in the garden and chapel scenes developed unexpected strength. Her ballad, the "King of Thule," is rendered with pathos, and her love scenes are so fervid and passionate, yet so tender, that the mental exclamation "Here is the ideal *Marguerite* at last!" is involuntary.

OUR WHEAT PRODUCT.

The duke of Beaufort has written the following letter to Mr. Daniel Owen of Ash Hall near Cambridge, Glamorgan, who recently published a pamphlet, in which he sought to show that the English farmer would be able to compete in the English market with the American wheat producer, providing the soil in this country were properly tilled. In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of this pamphlet the duke says:

I have to thank you for the reprint of your paper, read at a meeting in June of the Cowbridge Farmers' club. * * * There are some parts of the paper, partly opinions of your own, partly of those of others, with which I do not agree, and which to my mind are not in accordance with the present state of things in America, and, as far as I can see, are still further from the probable future of the wheat-growing zone or district of the continent, both in Canada and in the United States.

On page 12, in commenting upon the unprecedented crop of wheat grown there last year, you state that it is exceptional, and may not happen again for years to come. As a matter of fact, the crop is much larger this year than it was last, and though the weather was unusually bad and changeable for America, the harvest was well got. As there are now railroads working, others making, and again more contemplated, I believe the surplus of wheat produced beyond the quantity wanted for home consumption in Canada and America will increase every year for some time to come. Also, as they get money from selling their wheat, they will invest some of it in manure, and, instead of having eleven bushels per acre to sell, grown on their now unmanured land, they will very much raise the productive powers of their land. Besides this, the wheat zone is enormous, and as the flood of emigration has again set in Westward more acres will be cleared and cultivated. As to the expense, I think that the gentlemen quoted in your paper are in error, for I have no doubt that, though from the very furthest part of the wheat-producing districts it may be more, yet wheat can be landed at Liverpool from the average of the distance from the coast, at a cost of 4s. per bushel, or 32s. per quarter. Can you compete with this in England? I say, certainly not. I put the expenses thus:

One acre.		s.	d.
Plowing.....	\$1 50	6	3
Dragging and sowing.....	1 00	4	2
Seed.....	1 50	6	3
Harvesting.....	2 50	10	5
Threshing.....	52	2	2
Interest on freehold.....	48	2	0
Total.....	\$7 50	£1 11	3
Moving to seaboard.....	33	1	4½
Freight and landing, insurance and commission on sale.....	1 98	8	3
Total.....	\$10 34	£2 2	11½
To produce 11 bushels.			

If the cost came to £2 4s. for 11 bushels, that would be exactly 4s. per bushel, and allowing 1s. 4d. more than I have calculated. I will put it at that sum. I make this calculation taking the bushel to average 56 pounds weight, which brings five quarters to weigh one ton. You have had great experience, and have grown crops that sound almost fabulous in quantity, but I see that with all that science and capital could do for three years, you had crops far less to the acre than for the seven previous years. The fact is that in America the sun never fails them as it does in this climate. Their crops ripen quickly, and it is almost a certainty that they have fine weather for harvesting. Bad weather beats even energy and good judgment. Mr. Osborne, I think, greatly overrates the average wheat produced per acre in the United Kingdom, even in the favorable seasons, when he puts it at 30 bushels. I believe 20 bushels to be much nearer the mark. He is wrong also in saying that it costs 9d per bushel railway freight to the coast, which would be £1 10s per ton. I believe it to be an error also to say that the railways are carrying wheat at a loss. There is not sufficient competition to cause them to do that.

The result of my consideration of the subject is this, that climate, steam transport by sea and land, together with the labor question on both sides of the ocean, has made it out of the power of our agriculturists to compete with the growers of wheat on the American continent, and that they must turn their attention to cheaper and better modes of growing beef and mutton, so as not to be driven out of the market also by the Americans. The distance, difficulty and expense of transport of live and dead meat give us an advantage we shall be wise to improve, instead of wasting time and capital in trying the impossible task of competing with them in growing wheat. Thanking you again for sending me the paper, I remain, yours faithfully.

A GREAT SCOTCH CRITIC.

The publication of Macvey Napier's correspondence with the various contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* gives additional interest to the life of the great Scotch critic whose acumen and industry made the *Review* famous, and whose name stands at the head of the list of our British essayists. In those letters, which appear in the new volume, it appears that Lord Jeffrey maintained to the last a critical interest in the fortunes of the *Review*, and was accustomed to carry to the horribly restive Napier his views on the articles. Some of his mistakes in characterization are very amusing. The following sketch of Lord Jeffrey was written some months ago, one, if not worthy of him, will at least revive in some minds the half forgotten picture of one of the most amiable and most useful of men, who, in his time exercised a sway in literature, of which in England, before or since, there have been few examples.

The lives, the written lives, of most literary men are very melancholy things to read. "If you write my life I'll take your's," growled old Dr. Johnson at Boszzy when he became aware that that ingenious youth was preparing the materials for a biography of the great Samuel. Boszzy simply took a note of the objection and went on compiling. It was a good thing that Boszzy wrote the Doctor's life. He has given us one of the most delightful books in the world. It is, of course, an equally good thing that the Doctor did not "take" Boszzy's. One Doctor, the excellent Dr. Dodd, was enough, at a time, to be hanged *pour encourager les autres*. And Johnson did his best to save us that interesting spectacle by trying to save Dodd from the gallows, for a crime which in our time is only a common little misdemeanor, like bigamy and bank robbery. But, as I was saying, the lives of all literary men are just a trifle melancholy. They generally form the narrative of consumption. You see the author you are reading of gradually consuming himself, body and brains, emptying his inkstand, blunting his pen and then dropping it—

"Every worm beneath the moon
Spins, toiling out its own cocoon."

Such lives, as a rule, are uneventful. A man who spends the best part of his life at his desk cannot, necessarily, have many adventures. Voltaire, Rousseau, Goethe, the continental men of genius generally had eventful lives. Even in modern times the continental Men of Letters have striking lives, but the reason of that is that their literature tends to be in some sort a literature of revolution; it is connected with politics; it involves personalities; it is in some shape patronized by the State; and literature that accepts State patronage must sometimes incur State punishment. The muse in livery always hears, sooner or later, the crack of the master's whip. On the continent literature has greatly affected history and the fate of nations. It would be difficult to say with truth that the history of England has in any appreciable or striking degree been affected by the most brilliant literature of which any nation can boast. The reason roughly stated probably is that the educational effect of literature on the masses developed itself later in England than in foreign countries. Among the educational vehicles of thought in the beginning of this century the *Edinburgh Review* is entitled to a reasonably high place, and at the head of the *Edinburgh Review* was FRANCIS JEFFREY. His was one of the most uneventful lives on record. A voyage to New York—for a wife; a trip to the continent—for a holiday; a journey to London—to Parliament; these were the most exciting events of one of the busiest of lives. I have lately read Lord Jeffrey's life by Lord Cockburn. It shows that a very dull book can be written about a very great literary man, by a very great judge. If it were not for Jeffrey's friends and Jeffrey's letters, his life might have been written on a sheet of foolscap. Jeffrey was too busy writing of other people's lives to furnish much material for his own. But what there was of it, what one reads in this book gives us the picture of a thoroughly good, gentle, lovable, light-hearted, domestic, and consummately industrious man. Industry, particularly literary industry, was part of his nature. He lapsed in articles, for the articles came. He begins to write essays at an age when other boys are not equal to more than a carefully prepared epistle to the home authorities, with a postscript asking for a remittance. And he wrote essays all his life, all his youth, his manhood, his old age. He was born at Edinburgh in 1773. He died in 1850, aged 77 years. He was 27 years editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. He wrote for it longer than that. The list extends to over 200 articles, on an infinite variety of subjects. With the exception of Dumas, it is impossible to conceive of a more industrious man than Jeffrey. Lord Cockburn tells us that he wrote an immense quantity of excellent essays as mere exercise. It was before the age of magazines. In our days they might have appeared in the monthly periodicals. In the next generation of literature, Macaulay found the pages of *Knight's Quarterly* a valuable avenue to fame. But Jeffrey simply filed his essays away with condemnatory notes and criticisms, and never published them at all. Precocious as were his abilities he did not begin to publish early. He kept his pieces nine years. He was twenty-nine years old when he began to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, to edit it in fact. In the first number he had six articles,—they had shorter articles than that after. One of

these was an article on the French revolution which Brougham thought one of the best, if not the best, he had written—but Brougham's savage nature led him often to try to make men believe that they did not improve. And so on, from number to number, you may read two, three, four, five articles in each number almost for the whole period of his literary activity. His studies at the law, his practice at the Bar were interrupted and delayed, but not rendered impossible, as so often happens, by his literary labours; and he rose through slow successive stages of promotion to the dignity of Lord Advocate and Judge.

"Health to immortal Jeffrey! once in name
Could England boast a Judge almost the same,
In soul so like, so merciful, so just
Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,
And given his spirit to the world again
To sentence letters as he sentenced men."

That was the way Byron wrote of him when Byron was young and had published a lot of jingling nonsense. But Byron lived to acknowledge the justice of his sentence, to be good friends, to respect and even love the critic. Tom Moore wanted to shoot him for the castigations he gave Moore's Anacreontic eccentricities; and yet Moore lived to admire, defer to him, and be a good companion on many occasions; for Jeffrey was right and Moore was wrong. Wordsworth, in his passive way, must have felt, and did, as we know, feel wounded at the criticisms to which his uneven work was subjected; but Wordsworth, too, in time came to be one of Jeffrey's friends and admirers. Southey, also, was treated with severity in the *Review*, and Southey resented it; but time and the world are with Jeffrey again, and out of fifty educated and well-read men of our day, probably not five could repeat a dozen lines from Southey's most ambitious works, if from Southey at all. How gratified these men would have been in the beginning had they known that Jeffrey had himself tried to be a poet, and failed. "I feel I shall never be a great man unless it be as a poet," he writes to his sister in 1791, when he was at the ripe age of eighteen. He even gave up wine in order to keep his blood cool, and drank nothing but water, in order to make himself a poet! It is most unfortunate for this teetotal view of poetry that it failed utterly. "Notwithstanding all this," he says, "my poetry does not improve. I think it is growing worse every week." Perhaps there was something wrong with the water? As editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Jeffrey had to deal with a great many distinguished men, who found their account in writing for the great Whig periodical. It is not of the slightest account who is editor of the *Edinburgh Review* now. But that personage was of importance in those days. Jeffrey's name figures in the biographies of all the distinguished men of half a century ago. His correspondence was extensive in times when correspondence was still not cheap. In domestic life the man must have been charming; he was eminently a domestic man. His first wife, Miss Wilson, died young, and his affliction was deep, for his child died also. His second wife, married in New York, lived till a few months after his death, when she was buried by his side. His habits were such as to have made him a charming home companion. He did not shut himself up in the gloom of his library to do his work. His law work, his literary work, were all done with his wife at his side, when they were done at home. He took his wife and daughter with him in a post-chaise in circuit sometimes. He lived to see the *Review* he had helped to make famous, become a great power; to welcome the genius of Macaulay, and to be the loudest in his praise. Since his time another editor has passed away—Macvey Napier—to whom Macaulay had occasion to write so many very good letters, and so many indignant ones. I fancy that Macaulay has so overshadowed all other essay writers that Jeffrey's essays are not read as wisely now as they should be. But those who are familiar with them know how much is lost to the generation which has a little neglected them, and which has neglected too, I fancy, such men as De Quincey and Walter Landor.

M. J. G.

Ottawa.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A NEGRO woman 82 years old is going to school at Carsonville, Ga.

A RUMOR comes from Paris that bonnets are to be worn on the head hereafter.

THE average young woman's hair should be well preserved, because it is so carefully put up.

It makes the Fifth Avenue belle crazy to know that Jupiter is at present sporting a belt eight thousand miles wide.

"THE higher education of women" means studying astronomy in the observatory of a female college.

AN advertisement of cheap shoes adds:—
"Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long."

SOME "horrid brute" has discovered that the difference between a woman and an umbrella is that there are times when you can shut up an umbrella.

THE sweetest thing on earth is a little child when it has learned to know and love.—[Exchange.] Just so; a little child of the female sex. They have to be about seventeen before they attain to those accomplishments.



THE ZULU WAR.—CETEWAYO DISEMBARKING AT CAPE TOWN.



THE ZULU WAR.—THE CAPTIVE KING CETEWAYO EMBARKING AT PORT DURNFORD FOR CAPE TOWN.



ALGERIA.—THE MARABOUT SIDI YACOUR, IN THE SACRED GRAVE AT BLIDAH.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers and postal cards to hand. Many thanks. Correct solution received of Problem No. 248.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 245.

T. S., St. Andrew's, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 244, also correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 241.

R. F. M., Sherbrooke.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 247.

We have received the first number of the *Chess Monthly* of which we spoke a few weeks ago, and its appearance shows the care which has been taken to make it presentable and attractive as far as externals are concerned.

Internally, also, everything appears to have been done to make it attractive to the Chess student. The selection of games appears very judicious and the notes appended to each have been prepared in a very careful manner. The diagrams illustrating noteworthy positions will be found very useful.

We must confess to a partiality for endings from actual play as they possess that charm of reality which is to many so great a recommendation, and in the present number there are some positions of peculiar interest from the fact that they are the results of play between some of the greatest names connected with the history of modern chess.

We have no doubt future numbers of the *Chess Monthly* will contain fuller accounts of chess and chess-players in different parts of the world.

The pursuit of the noble game is so widely spread at the present time that interesting particulars may be gathered from almost all countries, and in many cases from parts which have only recently grown into notice.

We heartily wish success to this new candidate for public favour, and we feel confident that it will meet with a large number of subscribers on both sides of the Atlantic.

We are sorry to notice that circumstances connected with the late meeting of the Canadian Chess Association have given rise to dissatisfaction on the part of several Chess-players of Ontario, and that there is some talk of the establishment in that Province, of another body of a similar nature. We have not had time to enter into all the particulars which appear to have led to this contemplated measure, but hope next week to be in a position to make a few remarks on so unexpected a division in the ranks of Canadian Chessplayers.

The "move question" was to a certain extent settled at the late chess meeting at Ottawa, that is, as far as Canada is concerned, but inasmuch as the same difficulty may arise elsewhere, it is well to hear the opinion of those who may be living in countries in which the ruling of Canadian players would not be recognized. We therefore insert the following extract from the *Argus and Express* which we feel sure will meet the views of some of our chess friends.

We are glad to be able to lay before our readers the following extract from a letter from the Rev. G. MacArthur, stating his views "on the move or no move question." Our pleasure would not, of course, have been lessened if the rev. gentleman's views had coincided with our own; but still we are not sorry to publish both sides of the question.

"I do not think that the announcement by telegraph of Q R to Q 7 as a move, when the Rook already stands at that square, can be reckoned an illegal move, although the question is one of very considerable difficulty. My opinion is based on such considerations as the following:—

"1. I do not regard Q R to Q 7 as a move at all. It is precisely as if a piece had been touched on the board, and all that results from this is that the player is bound to move that piece. No doubt it was meant for a move, but it is impossible to conjecture from the statement of it what move was intended. That fact alone is, I think, sufficient to settle the question in so far as it depends on definitions of a 'move'.

"2. The casualty in question appears to be provided for by the principle expressed in one of the rules for the 'Game by Correspondence,' given in Staunton's *Chess Praxis*.—A move not intelligibly described incurs the penalty of sending no move on the day appointed. I can hardly conceive a better example than this of a 'move not intelligibly described.' If any fine-penalty has been incurred by the delay let that be exacted, and if you will, let the defaulters be mulcted in the cost of extra telegraphing. But that seems all that rigorous law demands.

"3. The discussion that has arisen undoubtedly shows that the point is one in regard to which there may be legitimate difference of opinion. The alleged illegality is not in any existing rule directly expressed, but it best depends on a process of inference. This then becomes closely a case where 'the accused is entitled to the benefit of the doubt,' and in my opinion it would be ungracious, if not unbecoming, in the opposite party to snatch at an equivocal advantage by insisting in this circumstance on the enforcement of a penalty.

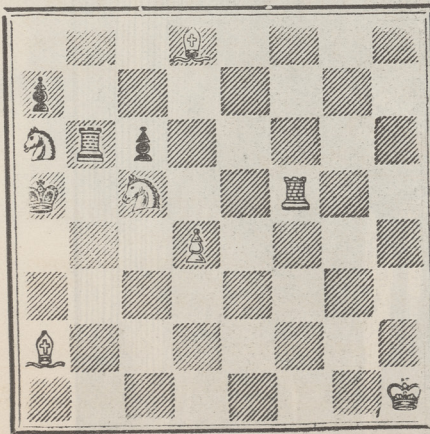
"On these grounds I rest the conclusion that the message telegraphed does not constitute an illegal move."

The match between Messrs. Barnes and Delmar is finished with the following results:—Delmar, 7; Barnes, 4; Drawn, 2. We are informed that another contest between the same parties may be expected very soon.

PROBLEM No. 249.

By J. Pierce, M.A.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 375TH.

The following fine specimen of Mephisto's skill was played in London some time ago. The mechanical player gave the odds of Q Kt to an amateur.

(Allgauer-Kieseritzki. Remove White's Q Kt.)

WHITE.—(Mephisto.)	BLACK.—(Amateur.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	2. P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3	3. P to K Kt 4
4. P to K R 4	4. P to Kt 5
5. Kt to K 5	5. Kt to K B 3
6. B to B 4	6. P to Q 4
7. P takes P	7. B to Q 3
8. P to Q 4	8. Kt to R 4
9. Q to Q 3 (a)	9. Kt to Kt 6
10. B takes P	10. Kt takes R
11. Castles	11. Kt to B 7
12. Q to K 2	12. Castles
13. Q takes Kt	13. P to K B 4
14. B to R 6	14. R to B 3
15. B to K Kt 5	15. Kt to Q 2
16. R to K sq	16. P to K R 3
17. Q to B 4 (b)	17. Q to B sq
18. B takes R	18. Q takes B
19. Kt to Kt sq	19. Kt to B sq
20. P to K Kt 3	20. B to Q 2
21. Kt takes P (c)	21. Q to Kt 2
22. Kt to K 5	22. K to R 2
23. B to Q 3	23. B takes Kt
24. P takes B	24. R to K sq
25. P to K 6	25. R to K 2
26. Q takes B P (ch)	26. K to R sq
27. R to K B sq	27. Kt takes P
28. P takes Kt	28. B takes P
29. Q to Q B 5	29. P to Kt 3
30. Q to B 6	30. Q to Kt sq
31. Q to B 3 (ch)	31. R to Kt 2
32. R to B 6	32. Q to K sq
33. R takes P (ch)	33. K to Kt sq
34. R takes B	34. Q to R 4
35. P to R 3	35. R takes P
36. B to R 7 (ch)	36. K takes B
37. R to K 7 (ch)	37. K to R 3
38. Q to K B 6 (ch)	38. R to Kt 3
39. Q to R 8 (mate)	

NOTES.

- (a) The first of a series of very skilful moves.
(b) Very subtle.
(c) Very finely played.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 247.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to B sq	1. K takes B
2. R to R sq (ch)	2. K moves
3. Q mates	

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 245.

White.	Black.
1. Q to K R sq	1. Any move
2. Mates accordingly	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 246.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at K R 3	K at Q 3
Q at K Kt 4	Q at K 2
B at Q Kt 6	R at Q Kt sq
Kt at Q 4	B at K B 3
Kt at Q 5	Kt at K 4
Pawns at K 3 and 4	Pawns at K R 5, Q 2, Q R 3 and Q Kt 2

White to play and mate in three moves.



NOTICE.

THURSDAY, 6th NOVEMBER,

being THANKSGIVING DAY, this Office and the three Receiving houses will be closed at 10 A. M., unless the mails received up to that time shall not then have been distributed.

The afternoon mails will be closed at 10 A.M., and the night mails, at the usual hours.

4th November, 1879.

G. LAMOTHE, P. M.



Canadian Pacific Railway.

Tenders for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders Pacific Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on MONDAY, the 17th day of NOVEMBER next, for certain works of construction required to be executed on the line from near Yale to Lake Kamloops, in the following sections, viz:

Emory's Bar to Boston Bar.....	29 miles
Boston Bar to Lytton.....	29 miles
Lytton to Junction Flat.....	28 1/2 miles
Junction Flat to Savona's Ferry.....	40 1/2 miles

Specifications, bills of quantities, conditions of contract, forms of tender, and all printed information may be obtained on application at the Pacific Railway Office in New Westminster, British Columbia, and at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief at Ottawa. Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order, F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals.
Ottawa, October 3rd, 1879.

25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.



Best Materials! Reasonable Prices!!
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Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. B. LAFLAMME,
249 St. James St., Montreal.



WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on FRIDAY, the 14th DAY of NOVEMBER next, for the deepening and completion of that part of the Welland Canal, between Ramey's Bend and Port Colborne, known as Sections No. 33 and 34, embracing the greater part of what is called the "Rock Cut."

Plans showing the position of the work, and specifications for what remains to be done, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Welland, on and after TUESDAY the 4th DAY of NOVEMBER next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of three thousand dollars for Section No. 33, and one for four thousand dollars for Section No. 34 must accompany the respective Tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque or money thus sent in will be returned to the respective contractors whose Tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum of the contract; of which the sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

To each tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these conditions, as well as the due performance of the works embraced in the Contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 28th October 1879.



TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received by this Department at Ottawa, up to the 20th NOVEMBER next, for the construction of a Lighthouse Tower, together with a Dwelling, Storehouse, Oil Store, Outbuildings, etc., on Fame Point, County of Gaspé, Quebec.

Plans and Specifications can be seen, and forms of Tender procured by intending Contractors, at this Department here, or at the Agency of this Department in Quebec, and the office of the Agent and Inspector of Water Police in Montreal.

Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside, "Tender for Fame Point Lighthouse."

WM. SMITH,
Deputy Minister of Marine.

Department of Marine,
Ottawa, 23rd October, 1879.

A Fortune Quickly Made.

Money has been made more rapidly with in the last few months in Wall street than at any period since 1873. Immense profits have been realized from small investments. The following affidavit explains itself:

Personally appeared before me, George A. Payne, of 134 West 49th street, New York city, to me known, and, on being duly sworn, says that on an investment of \$25 placed with Thatcher, Belmont & Co., bankers, and by them operated for a period of two weeks, I had returned to me by the said firm \$972.53.

(Signed) GEO. A. PAYNE.

State of New York,
City and County of New York, } ss.

Sworn before me this 22nd September, 1879.

J. B. NONES, Notary Public,
91 Duane street, N.Y.

Thatcher, Belmont & Co. accept subscribers on their 1 per cent. margin or in their concentration of capital, whereby a number of small sums, from \$10 upwards, are aggregated and stocks operated. Latest Wall street information sent free upon application to Messrs. Thatcher, Belmont & Co., Bankers, P. O. Box 1307, or 48 Broad street, New York.

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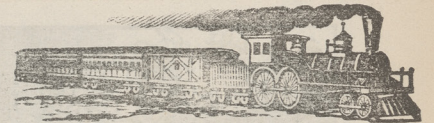
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Express Trains for Hull at.....	9.25	4.45
Arrive at Hull at.....	1.30 p.m.	8.50
Aylmer at.....	2.00 p.m.	9.20
Express Trains from Aylmer at.....	8.15	3.35
" " Hull at.....	9.10	4.30
Arrive at Hochelaga at.....	1.20 p.m.	8.40
Train from St. Jerome at.....	5.15 p.m.	
Train from St. Jerome at.....	7.00 a.m.	

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.

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C. A. SCOTT,

Gen'l Superintendent Western Division.

C. A. STARK,

Gen'l Freight and Passenger Agent.

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Mr. Hagne of the Merchants Bank, says: "The Organ sent me I did not suppose capable of being produced in Canada, the tone is pure, rich and deep, and the effects produced by combination of the stops are charming."—For Catalogues, address:

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50 Perfume, Snowflake, Chromo, Motto Cards, names in gold & jet, 10c. G. A. SPRING, E. Wallingford, Ct.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF

FIVE PER CENT.

upon the paid up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after

Monday, the First Day of December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive.

R. B. ANGUS,

General Manager.

Montreal, 17th October, 1879.

60 Perfumed Chromo &c. cards, names on all, 10c. 42 Mixed cards & fine Pocket Knife, 95c. Autograph Album, nicely bound in cloth, with fine designs of birds &c., 20c. Game Animals, 15c. 25 Fun & Escorting cards, 10c. 20 Gold and Silver Chromo &c. cards, 15c. Imitation Leather Card Case, 10c. Pack Age cards, 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.



REGULATIONS

Respecting the Disposal of certain Public Lands for the purpose of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Ottawa, Oct. 14, 1879.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the following provisions, which shall be held to apply to the lands in the Province of Manitoba, and in the territories to the west and north-west thereof, are substituted for the regulations, dated the 9th July last, governing the mode of disposing of the Public Lands situated within 110 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which said Regulations are hereby superseded:—

1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purposes of these provisions, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.

2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:—
"(1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called Belt A;

"(2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway, adjoining Belt A, to be called Belt B;

"(3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining Belt B, to be called Belt C;

"(4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining Belt C, to be called Belt D; and

"(5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining Belt D, to be called Belt E.

3. "The even-numbered sections in each township throughout the several belts above described shall be open for entry as homesteads and pre-emptions of 160 acres each respectively.

4. "The odd-numbered sections in each of such townships shall not be open to homestead or pre-emption, but shall be specially reserved and designated as Railway Lands.

5. "The Railway Lands within the several belts shall be sold at the following rates, viz:—In Belt A, \$5 (five dollars) per acre; in Belt B, \$4 (four dollars) per acre; in Belt C, \$3 (three dollars) per acre; in Belt D, \$2 (two dollars) per acre; in Belt E, \$1 (one dollar) per acre; and the terms of sale of such lands shall be as follows:—One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the balance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

6. "The Pre-emption Lands within the several belts shall be sold for the prices and on the terms respectively as follows:—In the Belts A, B and C, at \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; and in Belt E, at \$1 (one dollar) per acre. The terms of payment to be four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal instalments annually from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned on such portions of the purchase money as may remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

7. "All payments for Railway Lands, and also for Pre-emption Lands, within the several Belts, shall be in cash, and not in scrip, or military or police bounty warrants.

8. "All moneys received in payment of Pre-emption Lands shall insure to and form part of the fund for railway purposes, in a similar manner to the moneys received in payment of Railway Lands.

9. "These provisions shall be retroactive so far as relates to any and all entries of Homestead and Pre-emption Lands, or sales of Railway Lands obtained or made under Regulations of the 9th of July, hereby superseded; any payments made in excess of the rate hereby fixed shall be credited on account of sales of such lands.

10. "The Order-in-Council of the 9th November, 1877, relating to the settlement of the lands in Manitoba which had been previously withdrawn for Railway purposes, having been cancelled, all claims of persons who settled in good faith on lands under the said Order-in-Council shall be dealt with under these provisions, as to price of Pre-emptions, according to the belt in which such lands may be situated. Where a person may have taken up two quarter-sections under the said Order-in-Council, he may retain the quarter-section upon which he has settled, as a Homestead, and the other quarter section as a Pre-emption, under these provisions, irrespective of whether such Homestead and Pre-emption may be found to be upon an even-numbered section or otherwise. Any moneys paid by such person on account of the lands entered by him under the said Order-in-Council, will be credited to him on account of his Pre-emption purchase, under these provisions. A person who may have taken up one quarter-section under the Order-in-Council mentioned will be allowed to retain the same as a Homestead, and will be permitted to enter a second quarter-section as a Pre-emption, the money paid on account of the land previously entered to be credited to him on account of such Pre-emption.

11. "All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway, or of any Government colonization railway connected therewith, viz:

a "In case of the railway crossing land entered as a Homestead, the right of way thereon, and also any land which may be required for station purposes, shall be free to the Government.

b "When the railway crosses Pre-emptions or Railway Lands, entered subsequent to the date hereof, the Government may take possession of such portion thereof as may be required for right of way or for station ground or ballast pits, and the owner shall only be entitled to claim payment for the land so taken, at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.

c "In case, on the final location of the railway through lands unsurveyed, or surveyed but not entered for at the time, a person is found in occupation of land which it may be desirable in the public interest to retain, the Government reserves the right to take possession of such land, paying the squatter the value of any improvements he may have made thereon.

12. "Claims to Public Lands arising from settlement after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated, subject to the operation of subsection c of section 11 of these provisions.

13. "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency, will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territories has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with these provisions, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated, subject, as above, to the operation of subsection c of section 11 of these provisions.

14. "With a view to encouraging settlement by cheapening the cost of building material, the Government reserves the right to grant licenses, renewable yearly, under section 52 of the *Domestic Lands Act*, 1879, to cut merchantable timber on any lands situated within the several belts above described, and any settlement upon, or sale of lands within, the territory by such licenses, shall for the time being be subject to the operation of such licenses.

15. "The above provisions, it will, of course, be understood will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson Bay Company's lands.

Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories.

By order of the Minister of the Interior,
J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

LINDSAY RUSSELL,
Surveyor General.

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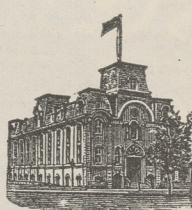
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EVERY OTHER
LOT ABSOLUTE-
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Denver now has a population of 40,000. Great cities are the outgrowth of great countries. Twenty years ago Denver was a small trading post on the frontier, now it is a large city, with numerous Churches, Hotels, Theaters, Street-railroads, Gas-works, Water-works, Gold and Silver Smelting and Refining Works, with a United States Mint, and is the great Railroad Center of the West. There are seven First-class Railroads now running and connecting with all the Principal and Branch Railroads from Maine to California. It is the Capital of Colorado, naturally the richest State in the Union, and located in about the geographical center of the United States. The climate is charming, with the best water and purest air in the world, and the scenery is unexcelled for beauty and grandeur. It is surrounded by the richest Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Lead, and Coal Mines and Agricultural Lands in America. It is now the headquarters for Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico, Wyoming, Nevada, Arizona, and Northern Texas. The rich mineral and agricultural resources of this vast country will make Denver the largest and wealthiest city in the West.

WHY LOTS ARE GIVEN AWAY.

As the tide of immigration is now in this direction, it is the Company's interest to have people locate in Denver and on their property. To encourage emigration here, the Company will give to any one sending their name and address a warrantee deed, in fee simple, for one or more lots in North Denver, situated in Weld County, State of Colorado, in immediate view of this beautiful city, the only charge being one dollar to pay the Notary Public fees for acknowledging deed and conveyance. The Company does not give every lot away, but each alternate one, and does not expect that every person who gets a lot in North Denver will come here, but a great many will, and they will induce their friends to follow. The increased population will soon make this property very valuable, and this Company retain each alternate lot, which they hold at prices varying from \$25 to \$500, according to location. For this reason the above proposition is made. The deeds are unconditional, not requiring any one to settle or improve, but with full power to transfer and deed to others. The limit to any one person taking advantage of this offer is five lots. This property is not hill-side, mountain, or swamp, but is level, fertile, and has advantages for building upon too numerous to mention. Full and satisfactory information, with indorsements from our best citizens, will be furnished.

CERTIFICATE OF TITLE.

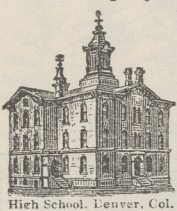
I, W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder within and for said County and State, do hereby certify to the above and foregoing to be true, and title complete to the land therein described according to the records in my office. I further certify there are no abstracts or transcripts of judgments, taxes or other liens standing against said land. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 2d day of August, A. D. 1879.

W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder.

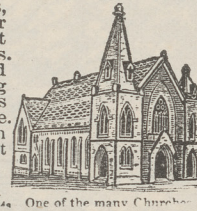
[SEAL.] State of Colorado,) ss.
County of Weld,) ss.

INSTRUCTIONS.

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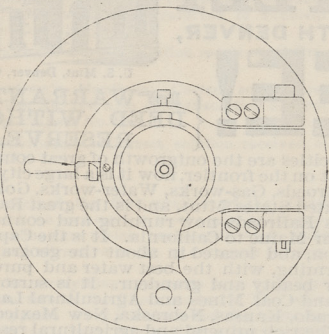
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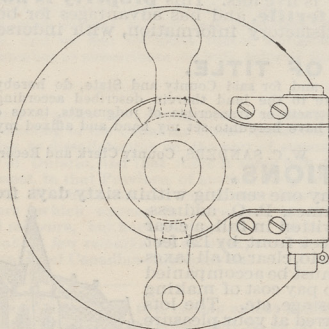
CONVERSION OF A
68 PR CAST-IRON GUN INTO A
BREECH LOADING RIFLED GUN
AS PROPOSED BY SIR WILLIAM PALLISER
IN 1879.

FIG. 1.



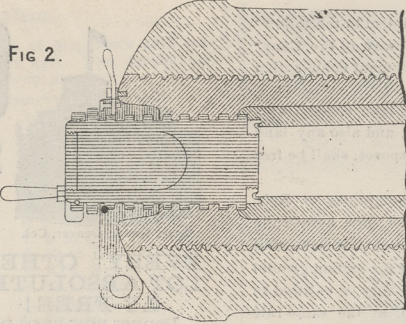
3½ TURNS RELEASE SCREW.

CONVERSION OF A
68 PR CAST-IRON GUN
INTO A BREECH-LOADING RIFLED GUN
AS PROPOSED BY CAPT. WILLIAM PALLISER.
TO THE LATE ORDNANCE SELECT COMMITTEE
ON THE 18 SEPTEMBER 1863.

MINUTE 9908
9959

4½ TURNS RELEASE SCREW.

FIG. 2.

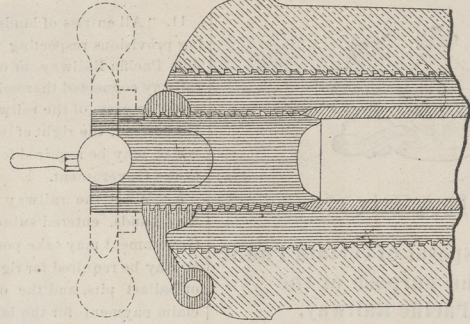
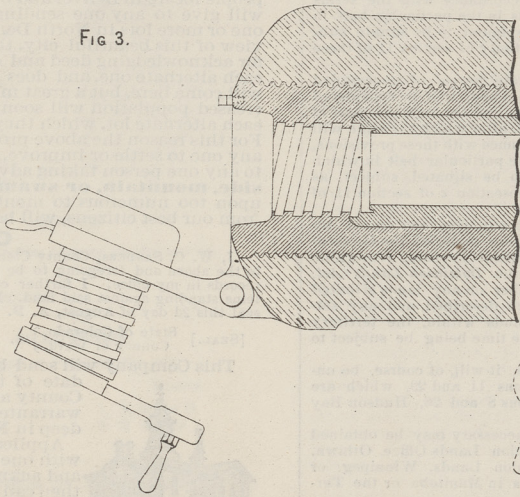


The improvements in the gun of 1879 comprise (1) A Handle-Lock; (2) A Gas-Check Protector; (3) An Improved Gas-Check; (4) A Vent-Cover. The handle locks the hinged-collar or breech-door until the plug is screwed back the full amount. The handle can then, but only then, be raised, and the breech-door be opened, as shown, Fig. 3. The act of raising the handle locks the breech-plug, and prevents it from being screwed forward again until the breech-door is closed. Thus, as long as the breech is open, the gas-check is retained inside its protector, and the breech-plug is kept in the exact position for being again screwed up. As soon as the breech-door is shut, the handle falls into its catch, and the breech-plug becomes free, and can at once be screwed up. The gas-check overlaps externally the metal of the bore of the gun. The seat, in the gun, of the gas-check is thus protected from injury during loading. The vent-cover, which stops the back flash from the vent, cannot be raised, and, consequently, the gun cannot be fired until the breech is screwed quite home.

August 30th, 1879.

W. PALLISER.

FIG. 3.

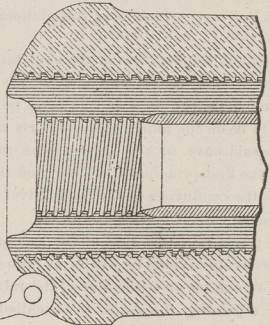


The chief features in the breech-loading gun of 1863 are (1) A relieved screw-thread in the breech. This feature is essential, whether a gun be a breech-loader or a muzzle-loader, on account of the law which I was the first to notice and to enunciate, namely, that in guns and screw-bolts longitudinal strains fall chiefly, in the one case, on the metal at the interior surface of the bore, and in the other, on that of the exterior surface of the bolt. In either case, therefore, a minus screw-thread would form a deep circular cut at the very place where the strain is greatest. It is worthy of notice that Signor Cavalli and Herr Krup, not being aware of this law, made all their guns, at one time, with a square wedge holes, which had rectangular corners. Those guns frequently blew their breeches off. As soon as my investigation had been published, the corners of the hole were rounded off, and a little consideration will show that the rounded wedge hole, though different in appearance, involves the same principle as the relieved screw-thread.

(2) A hinged-collar or ring into which the breech-plug is screwed, by the act of being screwed out of the gun, and in which it swings away from the bore.

(3) A cup or gas-check which prevents the escape of gas on the principle of Bramah's collar.

(4) The tappet-lever, for tightening up and starting the breech-plug, is the invention of Sir William Armstrong, and was adapted to this gun.



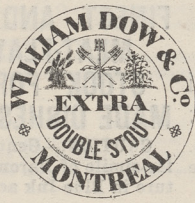
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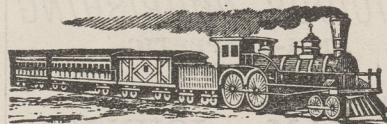
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" Rimouski.....	3.44 "
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" Dalhousie.....	8.22 "
" Bathurst.....	10.12 "
" Newcastle.....	11.40 "
" Moncton.....	2.00 A.M.
" St. John.....	6.00 "
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